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THE  
LAMENTATIONS  
OF THE  
Nonjuring Clergy, &c.



THE  
LAMENTATIONS

THE



Nourishing Clergy &c.



*Diamond Cut Diamond :*  
THE  
LAMENTATIONS  
OF THE  
Nonjuring Clergy, &c.  
AN HISTORICAL *k*  
POEM,  
FROM THE  
REFORMATION to this present  
Year M,DCC.XXIV.

With NOTES, proving the Breach of the  
Episcopal Succession, and Nullity of the *Pre-*  
*tended Church of England.*

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LAM. i. 12. *Is it nothing to all you, all ye that pass by? be-*  
*hold and see, if there be any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow?*

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The SECOND EDITION.

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Diamond Cut Diamond:  
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OF THE  
Nonjuring Clergy, &c.

AN HISTORICAL

P O E M.

THE



REFORMED to this day

YEST. M. DCC. XXV.

With NOTES, proving the Breach of the  
Episcopal Succession, and Nullity of the  
modern Church of England.

It is owing to all your efforts that this  
little work has been so soon and so  
generously received.

The Second Edition.

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# P R E F A C E.



THE deep and serious Consideration of the deplorable and distracted State of the *English Church*, ever since the pretended *Reformation*, (for the most Part) cannot but draw Sighs and Tears from the Hearts and Eyes of every thoughtful, and true Churchman.

By a true Churchman, I mean, *not such a one who believeth with the Nineteenth of King Edward's Articles, That the Church of Christ is the Congregation of faithful People where the Word of God is truly preached, and the Sacraments duly administred according to Christ's Ordinance, in all those Things which are of Necessity requisite thereunto: And that Episcopacy is not (Jure divino) essential unto, but a prudential Constitution for the good Government of the Church, and to be submitted unto, when establish'd by Authority; being the King's Bishops, superior to Presbyters only in Degree, as they are advanced by the State to be Superintendants of certain Districts, or Diocesses, over the Clergy; not in Order, (Consecration of Bishops after ordained Priests, and from thence a pretended Superiority of Order, being originally an Antichristian Invention, only to aggrandize the Spiritual Regimen, and unwillingly complied withal by our first Reformers (as hereafter;) so mere Creatures of the State* And on this Foot, our *first Reformed*, and our *modern false Brethren*, own the King's

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Supremacy in Ecclesiasticks immediate under Christ ; and as such, freely pray for him, giving him that *usurp'd* (not to say, *blasphemous*) Title, in the Face of God and his Church.

But by a *true Churchman*, I mean such a one, who takes Bishops, Priests and Deacons, into his Definition of a Church ; having a true Sense of the Divine Right of Episcopacy, not only as an Order superior to, but as distinct from Presbyters ; on which the very Essence of a Church depends, with a Priesthood by such ordained ; without which, all Divine Ordinances are a Nullity, and independent on the State.

On which they refuse Communion with the *Foreign Reformed*, or any of their Teachers to officiate with us in our Churches, until re-ordained by Bishops ; tho' both this was allowed by our first Reformed, and their Successors, for near Eighty Years ; when about the middle of the Reign of King Charles I. the universal Notions of the Foreign Reformed, with our own at Home, (which had made almost indelible Traces in their Brains) were worn out, and the Church began to recover herself out of her long Lethargy ; and the Scales falling off her Eyes, chiefly thro' the Means of that Great Luminary of our Church and glorious Martyr, Archbishop *Laud* ; by whose Order, our Ambassador residing in *France* was oblig'd to withdraw Communion with the Protestant Church at *Charenton*, with which they had always joined in Worship, from the Reformation until that Time.

Such as these cannot look on the present State of the Church (as we will in Civility call her) but with the utmost Concern, (putting by the Regal Succession which sits near the Heart of every true Churchman : The Re-



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Recovery of which is rather now to be *wish'd*, than *hoped for*.)

Her main and essential Ligament of Life (the Episcopical Succession) being broke; at best, we have no Manner of Certainty that it is not so, but rather a Certainty to the Contrary; and that we are thrown into the same wretched Condition with *Scots, Dutch*, and the rest of the *Reformed abroad*, left to the uncovenant Mercy of God, like the Church of *Sardis*, we have a *Name to live*, but *are dead*.

No Marvel then, if those whom Heaven hath endowed with this Faith and Knowledge, and have any Sense of the Worth of, and any Regard for precious and immortal Souls, as we charitably hope the far greater Part of our conforming Brethren still have, should breath after a happy Re-Union with that Church from which she so long since broke; remember from whence *she is fallen*, repent and do her *first Works*, that she may be brought within the certain *Pale of Salvation again*.

For this we have not only longed for, and breathed after, with the Desire of the slothful, which kill them, because their Hands refuse to labour; but have, according to that Talent Heaven hath bless'd us withal, exerted our selves to bring the *happy Thing about*, in a regular Way: First, by restoring the *Succession to the Crown*; which done, the other falls in of course; which happy Matter we had brought to the very Crisis in the late Queen's Reign; but, by the sudden Blast of Heaven, unhappily disappointed. Since which, our renewed Attempts have met with the same Catastrophe, and some of us must no longer draw Breath in our native Air.

But

## P R E F A C E.

But tho' singular, some of us, in our *Punishment*, (especially one of highest Order in the Church, who, thro' Frailty of the Flesh, often swallowed that unhal-  
lowed Pill, and his Heart being upright, we charita-  
bly hope God, by his Punishment, will bring him  
to Penance.) Thanks to Heaven, we are not so in our  
*good Wishes* and *Desires*: Seven Thousand, we hope, of  
our Order, God hath reserved unto himself, who hath  
not bowed the Knee unto *Baal*.

And tho' some of them seem *so to do*, not only by  
*taking all the Oaths by the present Authority imposed*, but  
by praying for him, set over us with their Lips in Obe-  
dience to Authority, giving him all his Titles of *Suprema-  
cy in Ecclesiasticks*, &c. As to the *former* we charitably  
hope they have mental *Reservation* satisfactory to their  
*own Consciences*; and as to the *latter*, they do not in truth  
give him *those Titles*, nor as such *pray for him*; but only  
tell their silly Hearers they are commanded so to do,  
which none but here and there a busy Observer takes  
any Notice of.

And for those who *inadvertently do it* without that  
*prudent Equivocation*, or something like it; their Hearts  
being upright in the Covenant with their God, the  
Church, and their King: We charitably hope the Lord  
will pardon them, when thus they *bow in the House  
of Rimmon*.

I must Advertise the Reader, there is nothing in this  
Poem of *Romance*, but *serious Truth*, as near as the Hu-  
mour of Poetry can be drawn down to *grave History*,  
which he will find quoted so far down as the present  
Age, the momentous *Transactions* of which cannot but  
be fresh in the Memory of every intelligent Observer.

If

## P R E F A C E.

If my Humour in the following Poem be sometimes more *Luxuriant* and sometimes *Languid*; the ingenious Reader will consider the Difference of being pinn'd down to *Historical Matter of Fact* and giving a *Random Loose to the Fancy*. Besides, 'tis natural for those Difficulties and Disappointments we have laboured under to raise the *Hippo*.

And if in an *Historical Poem* of almost two *Hundred Years* it might not all seem *Contiguous*, the Reader must observe I am writing of the *Church*; and have not taken on me to reconcile her Humour one time with another, nor her Inconsistencies, but only to relate *Matter of Fact*.

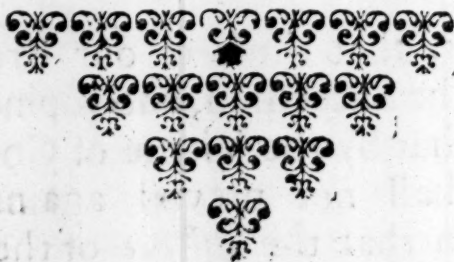
Which that I might Impartially do, I have consulted some *Popish* as well as *Protestant Historians*, the latter of which having either quite smother'd, or at best stubber'd over some momentous Transactions, especially as to the *Consecration of our first Protestant Bishops*; that without reading and well conning Authors on both sides, 'tis impossible to come to the *Knowledge of the Truth*: which I, who am now a *disinterested Person* either way, have endeavoured impartially to do, and leave the Reader to Judge.

And the rather, that those of our Brethren who are Orthodox, as to the Succession, and supinely rest on this Notion (to wit) that by the Virtue of Gods promise the Gates of *Hell* shall not prevail against the *Church*; and it is as certain that the *Essence* of the *Church* depends on the *uninterrupted Succession of Bishops*; therefore the *Succession* is infallibly preserved, tho' we cannot trace it up to the *Apostles*, nor know any thing how about it: (which is  
true,



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*true, as to the Universal or Cartholick Church ; and there is no doubt but it is secured in some Branch or other of it. But as to any particular Church, it is building Castles in the Air to depend on that, if disjoint from the Catholick Church, unless the Succession can be proved uninterrupted from her ) and rank themselves among the Low-Church, who have no other Notion of Succession but with the old Hum-Drum Reformers Faith and Verity, and are easy under the Church's deplorable State : I say, that these our Orthodox Brethren who are thus easily ruffled up in this deplorable State, might rouse themselves out of their supine Negligence, and Security ; and exert themselves with utmost Vigour to Influence those Brethren of the Clergy who are otherwise minded, (since we are in despair of obtaining it the regular way) that for at least the sake of tender Consciences, and the common Peace of the Church ; they would accept that amicable Proposal at the Conclusion of this mournful Poem, That we may be no longer Aliens from the common wealth of Israel, Strangers to the Covenant of Promise, without Priest, without Hope, and without God in the World.*





The ARGUMENT.

In Paths untrod, I sing, in mournful Lays,  
 The [CHURCH] in Ante-Reformation Days ;  
 Her tott'ring and distracted State, e'er since  
 Her antient Head of Union's drove from hence :  
 How first insatiate Lust mounts Peter's Chair,  
 Where a Lad and Lass, save one between, appear,  
 Who aim to raise one [NEW] on antient Stock,  
 But in the Embrio, the Succession's broke.  
 In Birth, Queen Bess's Days, her Travail and Pain,  
 Her Safety 'nd Ease, in James luxurious Reign ;  
 The hopeful State she attain'd by th' blessed Martyr,  
 Her utter Overthrow and Ruin, soon after ;  
 Her glorious State, from After-Restoration,  
 'Till fatal and remediless Revolution ;  
 Her dawning Hopes, in Reign of blessed Anne,  
 Dash'd all to pieces, from the German Strand ;  
 Her Prayers, her Arms, her Plots from strongest Pates,  
 Succession to regain, in Church and State,  
 Turn'd all against her, by the Hand of Fate :  
 How broke Succession may be friendly regain'd,  
 And High-Church, Low-Church Militat, Hand in Hand.

\*\*\*\*\*

**I**N Pious Times, e'er Heaven's fav'rite Nation  
 Had caught the wanton Itch for Reformation ;  
 When Knowledge was peculiar to the Priest,  
 And what was suck'd, was from their sacred Breast ;  
 To which they laid their soft and tender Mouth,  
 And glibly swallowed all for sacred Truth :  
 Whilst undisturb'd, with (a) Lollard's specious Notion,  
 They kept their Church, and stuck to th' Old Devotion ;

B

Rever'd

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(a) Protestants first so called from Gualter Lollardus, a German, from whom Wickliff took his Notions.

Rever'd their God, their Spiritual Guides ador'd ;  
 Their *Independence* rarely made Discord :  
 And when it did, the stiff-neck'd King was fain  
 Bare-foot to walk, to the martyr'd Prelate's Shrine.

When a vile *Lay Sinner's* Soul, in horrid Fright,  
 Sate biv'ring on his Lips, to take its Flight,  
 And all his flagrant Sins before his Sight,  
 The Priest took tender Care to shew him's Fate,  
 If *Heaven had's* Soul, the *Church must have's* Estate.  
 The Wretch consents ; (Combustions in his Breast)  
 Implores the Priest to send his Soul to Rest.

[He glad] pronounc'd, *Good Sign of true Contrition,*  
*From all thy Sins, I give thee Absolution.*

Which made the Caitiff's wounded Spirit whole,  
 (And a Man, at any Rate, would save his Soul.)  
 The Smiles of Heaven crown'd the sacred Order,  
 And Earth her Blessings swell'd within their Border,  
 'Till near One Third of all the *Laity's* Land  
 Fell, by *this Craft*, into the *Church's* Hand.

The CHURCH, to keep from worldly Geere unfil'd,  
 And the Hands of each her Orders undefiled,  
 Farm'd out her *Glebes* to Rural slaving Boors,  
 Reserving copious, choice Provision Stores ;  
*Wheat, Pease, Oats, Beans, and Barley* for the Malter ;  
*Eggs, Chickens, Capons, Pidgeons, Wax* for the Altar ;  
*Geese, Ducks and Turkeys, roast Pigs, and fat Hogs,*  
*Lambs, Sheep, Calves, Beeves, and one to empty their Bogs ;*  
 But the best on't all, these glorious Days of *Whilom*,  
 Each Moon a *Claram Lepidam puellam*. (b)

The

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(b) *Ad purgandas Renes Domini Abbotis*. A Clause in some antient Abbey-  
 Leases, as Part of a Rent reserv'd. — See Fuller's Ch. Hist. in Reign of Hen.  
 VIII.

The Church's Hopes did then most fairly stand,  
 When *Love* went with *Religion*, Hand in Hand :  
 Then, then she fairly emblem'd, that above,  
*Communion* held in *Pleasures*, *Joys*, and *Love* ;  
 The Church above, regal'd in Joys sublime ;  
 Below, in Dainties, and salubrious Wine :  
 With *extra* Pleasures, suited to a Mind  
 Enlarged by *Enjoyment*, and by *Art* refin'd :  
 Beside a sacred Gust, no doubt, was giv'n,  
 Reward for precious Souls they sent to Heaven.  
 Thrice happy *Albion*, had those Days of *Tore*  
 Remain'd 'till now ; but, alas ! they're now no more,

No sooner had officious *Tyndal's* Zeal,  
 (Encourag'd by the itching *Common-weal*)  
 Those Oracles (c) obscure to *English* turn'd,  
 The wise, fore-seeing Church, thought fitter burn'd  
 Than Seeds of *Schism*, long before then sown,  
 But by her wise Severities kept down,  
 Took Rooting, and was spread all o'er the Land,  
 And to her growing *Greatness* put a Stand.

*Lollardy* daily increas'd, and reach'd the Court,  
 Her Wealth was envied, and her Faith their Sport.

KING *Henry* 'd lain so long in *Katherine's* Arms,  
 He cold in's Love, she languid in her Charms ;  
 A Lust to change th' old Hen for younger Pullen,  
 He cast those lustful Eyes on *Ann-a-Bullen* :  
 But all Attempts prov'd vain, t' approach her Bed,  
 Unless the Nuptial-Vows first crown' her Head ;  
 Which rais'd such Qualms in *Henry's* tender Breast,  
 For living twenty Years in foul Incest,

B 2

To

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(c) The Bible first translated, Anno 1537. Set forth in all Churches, by Authority.



To *R O M E* he sent, with flaming Zeal, of course  
 T' obtain, from's Brother's Wife, a fair Divorce.  
 That Court apprised, a Heretick fairly sate  
 To fill those Arms so long enfolded *Kate* ;  
 Both Pope and Court not humouring such Lust,  
 It gave the boisterous King so great Disgust,  
 Forthwith the Monarch nick'd that luckless Season,  
 To own the *Pope's Supremacy's* made High Treason.

The Church then made dependent on the State,  
 Garbled by *Lay-men's* Laws, O cruel Fate !  
 A *Temporal Prince*, or *Lord*, that Hour unblest,  
 Became preferr'd to a *Lord's anointed Priest*.

The Spiritual Regimen thus left in Lurch,  
 He laid his sacraligious Hands on Church ;  
 Her Treasures plunder'd, seiz'd her sacred Lands,  
 And cramm'd them all into *unhallow'd* Hands.

Some, his chief Favourites, were condemn'd to die,  
 Disowning this *usurp'd* Supremacy ;  
 Whilst *Lollard's* thwarting *Transubstantiation*,  
 Were flaming at the Stake, all o'er the Nation :  
 At both one Time and Place, were seen together,  
 Some hang'd for *one Religion*, burnt for *t'other* :  
 The Worship partly chang'd, the Faith remain'd  
 A Mongril Church, just like his Mongril Reign.

HER genuine Head being lopt, she's now a Monster,  
 The usurp'd one dead, the Headship fell to a Youngster ;\*  
 Whose soft and byass'd Mind, by's Education,  
 Made Way for what they call'd the *Reformation* :  
 Which, with *Church-Lands*, his Chiefs had in Possession,  
 In each *Lay Conscience* made so deep Impression,  
 From Council Orders were dispatch'd, some Scores,  
 To shove the *Old Religion* out of Doors : Back'd

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\* King Edward VI.



Back'd by *Lay-Visitors* all o'er the Realm,  
To make the *obsequious Church* conform to *them*.

Now her, who once so glorious did appear,  
Her Hair dishevel'd, hung about her Ears:  
Each holy Altar chang'd for a common Table,  
Plac'd in the Church, and loll'd on by the Rabble;  
Fine Altar-Pieces, Images of Saints,  
With num'rous, costly, holy, History Paints;  
The pious Care of many a zealous Age,  
Expos'd to *Gospellers blind Zeal and Rage*:  
Rich broider'd Altar-Cloths made Quilts for Cradles,  
And Antependiums hous'd and cover'd Saddles:  
The holy Roods were all condemn'd to Flames,  
Had *Christ* himself been there, 't had been the same.  
*Organs*, † the Heavenly Musick, were decry'd,  
The *Anti-Christian Bagpipes* laid aside.

Three Bishops \* huddle up their *Common Prayer*,  
From *Roman Missal* cull'd, and *Breviar*:  
The absolving Part, with the old, is much the same,  
And *Baptism* too, save Spittle, Salt, and Cream,  
And One Cross only made, instead of Ten. }

Take all mysterious Power from the Priest,  
And leave before the *Laity's* Eyes no Mist;  
These three *Reforming Bishops* well foresaw,  
Would much alloy the *Laity's* Reverend Awe:  
To make one born in Sin, an Heir of Heaven,  
Absolve, Old Sinners, and with God make even; }  
None durst presume to *Lay-men*, e'er was given.  
The *Eucharist* Office is as plain's *Geneva*;  
There's nothing in it, touching ¶ *Reve Casteva*.

Had

† See the Homilies composed in that Reign.

\* *Cranmer, Kidly, and Latimer*.

¶ A Term Juglers use with their Cups and Bails.

Had that one Office still remain'd the same,  
 This wondrous Change had not been quite so lame,  
 In that by Faith, the Old Church makes their God,  
 If's Worship please him not, their *Hodmandods* || :  
 These Church Translators claiming no such Pow'r,  
 Their God may on their Service look but sour;  
 For tho' they use the utmost Force of Reason,  
 Unless they make him too, 'tis a Chance they please  
 [him.]

*CALVIN*, that Idol of the Reformation,  
 An Infidel, in *Transubstantiacion*,  
*Infallibility*, and that *Church-Power*,  
 With which, we know, kind Heaven did endow her;  
 A Worship framed (plain) from Apostles Hands,  
 The Spouse of *Christ* being in her Swadling-Bands;  
 When glorious she appear'd alone within,  
 The Object of the Unbelievers grim.

Great *Constantine*, the Glory of this Isle,  
 Who gave to *Pagan* Worship mortal Foil;  
*Christ's* Church (that Age) too homely for crown'd Heads,  
 Instantiously, Imperial Edict spreads,  
 A Council calls, Apostles, true Successors,  
 To polish GOD's own Worship, sole Professors.  
 These holy Fathers holy Craft employ'th,  
 To draw *Rome's* Empire to the Christian Faith;  
 Ceremonials, and a Worship, wisely frames,  
 According to the Humour of those Times:  
 A *Hierarchy* 'stablish'd by Imperial Law,  
 Temples adorn'd, to strike a Reverend Awe;  
 With Altars, Lamps, and Tapors, as of Old,  
 And Wooden Chalices were chang'd for Gold:

Their

Their Idol Gods, and all Idolatrous Paints,  
 Were now exchange'd for Images of Saints :  
 Th' once fam'd *Pantheon*, sacred t' all the Gods,  
 Was now to all the Saints; O blessed Odds !  
 The Gods and Goddeffes most holy Days,  
 Was chang'd to Saints, and to Apostles Praise :  
*Venus* and *Cupid*, (which cannot but please us)  
 For the *Virgin Mary*, and her *holy Jesus* :  
 For *Peter Jove*, and *Mars* for *Paul* are barter'd,  
 Gods for Apostles, Demy-gods for Martyrs.  
 The Church became august, and most devout,  
 The Spouse of *Christ* was glorious all without :  
 Riches immense was poured in upon her,  
 And as she encreas'd in Wealth, she advanc'd in Honour.  
 Which lur'd within her Pale the *Pagan Nations*,  
 Before they scarce had smelt the Alterations.  
 This Change was wrought by Authority Apostolick,  
 But ours seem'd liker a prophane *Lay-Frolick* :  
 These Fathers shew'd true *Christian Moderation*,  
 And came with *Pagans* to Accommodation.  
 Our junior Church, like Children void of Sense,  
 (Which gave their nat'ral Mother great Offence)  
 Not only eloped, but, as design'd t' offend her,  
 Lac'd their *New Litany* with fulsome Slander. \*  
 A Fire-new Service *Cranmer* had prepar'd,  
 From all Remains of antient Worship clear'd,  
 Much like the slovenly *Geneva Plan*,  
 To make this Church, with Foreign ones, *Cat-in-Pan*.  
 But by the Stripling Faith-Defender's Death,  
 That vile, unhallow'd Project, fell to th' Earth ;

Whose

---

\* From the abominable Tyranny, Superstition, and Idolatry of the Bishop of Rome, good Lord deliver us. — See King *Edward's* Liturgy.



Whose Death, judicious *Heylen* hath assur'd,  
The Church of *England* hath no Cause to mourn.

Full twenty Years the Church was Wilderness'd,  
Which num'rous Domes and Palaces had possess'd,  
When her most \* darling Daughter mounts the Throne,  
Who all these hair-brain'd Changes did disown.

In Church-like way she calls a *Convocation*  
Of those same Priests who embrac'd the *Reformation*;  
Two on them only oppos'd, return to *Rome*,  
The One was † burnt, the other slunk from home.

The pious Queen her Church-headship surrender'd  
To th' *Roman See*, from whence 'twas lately plunder'd;  
A || Legate's sent with Power Apostolick,  
To heal the Breach of this Religious Frolick.

The Apostate Parliament their Sin confess,  
And humbly for the Absolving Grace Address;  
From all their Sin, the Cardinal unloos'd 'em,  
Embrac'd them kindly in the Church's Bosom:  
Th' obsequious Priests (which made the *Laity* Grin,))  
Were now all o'er the Land *Forgiving Sin*,  
As buisy as any Hen with one Chicken.

Churches by Heresy profain'd; and Altars  
Were cleans'd, and sanctify'd with Holy waters,  
And the *Turncoat Coxcombs* were afresh bespatter'd.

Severity's wholesome, some the Church then us'd,  
On those who due *Conformity* refus'd:  
But Great Ones few, who'd got in their Lay-hands  
The Bulk of all the Church's *Abbey-Lands*,  
As yet had felt her Hand; these temporiz'd,  
Their *Lands* and *Carcass* being the God they priz'd:  
And yet too potent for her feeble Hand,  
T' a deep Design for present put a stand;

On

\* Queen Mary.

† Philpot.

|| Cardinal Pool.



On which the Church and Queen was fully bent,

As what alone could soundly cure the Rent :

The Act for *burning Hereticks* still in Force,  
The Church being Judge of *Heresy*, in Course ;  
All *such* they'd judg'd, who'd prey'd on *Abbey-Lands*,  
Which *must* brought all again into her Hands :  
But Darling *Philip's* Dislike, and Voyage to *Spain*,  
Broke the Queen's Heart, and spoilt that pious Design.

And now, behold, the genuine Spouse of *Christ*,  
Once more into the horrid Desert hoist ;  
She justly since, might every Age complain,  
*Alas ! alas ! no Sorrow's like to mine !*

† A Princess mounts the Throne, who did inherit,  
As well's the Crown, her Father's haughty Spirit :  
By trusty, secret ¶ Hand, to *ROME* she sent,  
To found that politick Court, what there was meant :  
Mean while, *Religion* lay at Six and Seven,  
And none knew well which Course to steer for Heaven.  
That starch'd-up Court having long e'er then decreed  
King *Henry's* first espoused his lawful Bride ;  
Both *her* Divorce, and *Bullen's*, much unjust,  
She needs must be the Fruit of *lawless Lust*.

*Infallibility* did ne'er so blunder  
In that *nice* Juncture ; 'twas the World's Wonder,  
Such *nice* Punctilio's not to swallow down,  
But lose the *brightest Jewell* in *Tripple Crown* ;  
For's soon's by secret *Errander* she found  
The Pope disown'd her Title to the Crown,

C

To

† Queen *Elizabeth*.  
*Elizabeth*.

¶ See Sir *Francis Osborn's* Memoirs on Queen

To own him *Head*, she deem'd a mortal Sin,  
And plumbly with the *Gospellers* fell in.

And now, alas! the *Head of Union's* lost,  
The *Church* is on a fresh *Delamma* tost:  
This politick Queen had got *Two Strings* to her Bow,  
The *Vulgar's Gospel*, all the World doth know;  
But that which strengthen'd most her haughty Hand,  
The *Quality's Gospel* was, their *Abbey-Land*:  
Both *Lords* and *Commons* her *Spiritual Headship* own,  
A *Female P O P E*, more absolute than *J O A N*.

And first, her Holiness did a *Conclave* call,  
Not one in *sacred Order* 'mongst them all:  
A *Commission's* fram'd, and set upon the Wheel,  
With *Jehu's Speed*, and with his pious Zeal,  
Back'd by *Lay Visitors*, sent forth off Hand,  
To purge again, *Old Worship* off the Land;  
*Churches* and *Altars* ranfack'd, like her Brother,  
From one End of the Kingdom, to the other:  
The *sacred Pillage*, like a good *Church-Nurse*,  
She providently hoarded in her Purse.

How might the *Church* then took up her Complaint,  
Alas! the Head is sick, the Heart is faint!  
The *Head of Union's* broke, she's all in Totters,  
Her *quondam* Friends against her turn'd Promoters!  
A *Hierarchy's* patch'd up, on such Foundation,  
Were *Peter* living, 't had inflam'd his Passion.  
And where the *Primitive* Foundation's wrong,  
The *Superstructure* can't be very strong:

Our *Spiritual Architects*, alas! were stand,  
For want of one *Divine, Prolifick* Hand.  
*Archbishops* always had their Pall from *Rome*,  
By *Eight Suffragans*, consecrate at Home;

But

But the Pope's Supremacy being then suppress'd,  
 And all's Authority lodg'd in a Female Breast,  
 She gave to (a) Parker, once her Spiritual Sire,  
 Her Letters Patents, 'n lieu of *Conge d'Elire*, (b)  
 To help the Church from Frying-pan into Fire;  
 Who exercis'd forthwith the Pastoral Function,  
 With all the Patentees, without the *Unction*,

Al-

---

(a) Parker was the Queen's Instructor, in Matters of Religion, when young, being Chaplain to Queen *Ann-a-Bullen*, her Mother. *Hist. Refor. Abrid. P. 341.*

(b) He tells you farther, he was chosen by the Writ of *Conge d'Elire*, by the Dean and Chapter of *Canterbury*, in September. With him agrees *Echard*. *Heylen* tells you, the Writ of *Conge d'Elire* bore Date the 18th of July, and he was elected the 1st of August. Which is true, as to the Time; but neither of them, as to the Writ of *Conge d'Elire*; that being abrogated the 34th of *Hen. VIII.* and he empower'd to make Bishops by his Letters Patents. *Hist. Refor. Abrid. P. 113.* which Act was renewed the First of *Edward VI.* declaring therein, that

“ The Writ of *Conge d'Elire* serves for no Purpose, but is  
 “ derogatory to the Prerogative Royal, therefore shall not  
 “ be granted. ” Which Act being repealed by Queen *Mary*, was renewed the First of *Elizabeth*, empowering her and her Successors, by her Letters Patents, to substitute certain Persons to execute the Episcopal Authority. *Camd. Hist. Eliz. P. 18.* Therefore must be made a Bishop by her Letters Patent, and not chose by the Writ of *Conge d'Elire*, as they have it from the *Lambeth Register*; which, by the way, is no weak Argument of its Forgery. But of that anon.



(c) Almost six Months; but made the Novel Fashion;  
The People held them not in Veneration.

The *Popish* Bishops, (d) Prisoners close confin'd,  
Were now (e) much unrestrain'd, us'd wondrous kind:  
All Engines was employ'd, with Might and Main, }  
A *Consecration* from their Hands t' obtain, }  
But they refus'd it (f) with the high'st Disdain. }

Whilst

(c) The old Bishops being deprived in *July*, their Sees was filled with new ones: But *Canterbury* being void, by the Death of Cardinal *Pool*, *Parker* was immediately pitch'd on for that See by *Cæcil* and *Bacon*, even before the Queen's Coronation, which was *January* 13th; but he refused that Charge, until threatned with Imprisonment, chusing rather to live on a Benefice of *Twenty Nobles* by the Year. *Burnet. Hist. Abrid.* At last 'twas forced on him, rather than willingly accepted by him; and the pretended *Consecration* was not until the 17th of *December*.

(d) In the Month of *July*, 14 of the old Bishops was deprived and imprisoned, for refusing the Oath of Supremacy. *Stow's Chron. P. 639.*

(e) *Tonstal* continued unresolved, as to the taking the Oath to the Queen, until *September*, and refusing, was confined a Prisoner with all the rest; but soon after, set all at Liberty, and dealt courteously withal, except *Bonner*, *White*, and *Watson*. *Burnet. Hist. Abrid.*

(f) A Warrant was issued forth by the Queen to *Tonstal*, *Bourn*, and *Pool* of *Peterborough*, the Cardinal's Brother, (being Catholick Bishops) with divers others, for *Parker's* *Consecration* in *September*; but they all refused it. *Burnet. Hist. Reformer. P. 363.*



Whilst thus perplex'd, they thought on (g) Dr. *Creagh*,  
The Reverend Old Archbishop of *Armagh*,  
Who many Years in *Tower* had been confin'd,  
For Faults *ne* no where now on Record find;  
And furnish'd with a Glas of holy Oil,  
Purchase of *German's* Charity in Exile,  
With which, at *Frankfort*, *Horn* did's Hands defile.  
Perhaps, a Part of that prolifick Store,  
Sent from the *Pope* to \* *Mentz*, but just before,  
Which Eighty Pounds, in Weight, return'd of Gold,  
And (Retail) at excessive Price was sold:

With Order from the Queen, to *Tower* they hies,  
Twelve *Patent Bishops* his old Grace surprize;  
They take him, with th' Lieutenant's Son, to Tavern,  
With richest Wine they're treated by these Brethren;  
A Purse of Gold presents him from the Queen,  
*What* (quoth his Grace) *must this high Favour mean?*

The

(g) Dr. *Champney* saith, When the Consecration of these *Bishops* was in Question, there was in the *Tower*, Dr. *Richard Chreagh*, an old *Irish* Archbishop, to whom they offered great Rewards and Liberty, if he would have consecrated these *Bishops*; but he refused. He died in the *Tower* a Prisoner. *Champney Vocat. of Bish. P. 198.*

Mr. *Mason* † takes Notice of this Story at large, out of *Saunders*, and saith nothing against the Truth of it; but owns,  
“ There was a certain *Irish* Archbishop, whom they had in  
“ Bonds and Imprisonment in the *Tower* of *London*, whom they  
“ very earnestly dealt withal, promising him Liberty and  
great Reward, if he would be Chief in this Consecration; but  
he, good Man, forsooth, would by no Means lay holy Hands  
on Hereticks. *Mason's Consecrat. of Bish P. 124.*

\* *Pagit's Christiano Graphæ.*

† A Protestant:

*The Queen, my Lord, quoth Parker, greets you well,  
Hath laid Command on me, your Grace to tell,*

*One Favour grant her, and she'll set you free.*

*Pray, what's her Grace's Royal Will? quoth he.*

*My Lord, quoth they, with genial Hand anoint us;*

*And what's your Boon for the Sacred Grace, acquaint us.*

*With this, the Rev'rend Father paus'd a while;*

*At length, quoth he, My Brethren, where's your Oil?*

*Quoth Bencham, Brother Horn, 'tis in your Pocket.*

*He starts from Table, fumbling for't, and broke it;*

*Which soon got wholesome Air at Knees of's Breeches,*

*Cox, down from Shelf, caught one o'th' Wooden Dishes;*

*Preserv'd enough one Bishop to anoint,*

*And wrung out more, when he'd untruss'd his Point:*

*What they had sav'd, they brought in Wooden Charger,*

*Quoth they, My Lord, we would the Store were larger;*

*But here's enough to serve for four or five.*

*He stood amaz'd, could not this Matter dive!*

*Not knowing whether 't dropt from Peter's Finger,*

*Or from the Reverend Patentee his ———:*

*Thought they had trick'd him, flung away in Rage,*

*And never could be tempted more from's Cage.*

*The Patent Bishops meeting this Disaster,*

*Resolv'd on one Expedient more, to plaister*

*And heal this Breach in Horn's unlucky Breeches,*

*Which lost Succession, broke our Church to pieces.*

*They call'd to Thought, the Bishop of Landaff,*

*Whose Gods were, Gold to hoard, and Wine to quaff:*

*He swore, at first, the Pope Supream; then Harry*

*Abjur'd the Pope to Ned; then quite contrary;*

*Swore to the Pope again in Days of Mary:*

In

In all Vicissitudes was still the same,  
Resolv'd *Landaff* should always be his Name :

This perjur'd *Turn-Coat* they resolve t' accost,  
To help them, this dead *Lift*, to the *Holy Ghost*.

At's Lodgings in *Cheapside*, they his Lordship found,  
Whom thus they address, with Reverence profound:  
*From the Great'st of Queens we're come, to make our Court,*  
*Our gasping, dying Succession, to support ;*  
*On your diffusive Charity we presume,*  
*Unlike the too censorious Spirit of Rome,*  
*Who've learnt all Things to all Men do become :*

*What Joys sublime must in that Breast be felt,*  
*Who's made the Rock on which Christ's Church is built ?*  
*Will but your Lordship please to grant this Favour,*  
*This Gold is yours, and her Grace's Heart for ever.*

Quoth he, My Joy's, you make a good Profession,  
I'm glad to find you hearty in Succession ;  
Since in that Fundamental we agree,  
The rest are *Picadillio's* unto me :

*If Nature's prompt to propogate its Kind,*  
*Shall Grace restrain Fecundity Divine ?*

*But Hereticks to anoint, might scandalous seem,*  
*If publick done (a Mote with some's a Beam).*

My Lord, quoth *Horn*, your Prudence we esteem.

There's o'er the Way the antient (h) *Nag's-head Tavern*,  
Where't may be done, as private's in a Cavern.

When

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(h) Dr. *Champney* gives this Account of the *Nag's-head* Consecration: " By accorded Appointment, these nominated for Bishopricks, met at the *Nag's-head Tavern* in *Cheapside* (a fit Place for such a Sacrament) whither came the Old Bishop



When the great Redeemer of the World was born.  
His sacred Person did the Stable adorn ;

And

“ shop of *Landaff*, to make them Bishops ; which being discovered to *Dr. Bonner*, Bishop of *London*, then Prisoner in the *Marshalsea*, he sent *Dr. Neal*, a Man of good Sort and Reputation, sometime Reader of the *Hebrew* Lecture in *Oxford*, and at that Time Chaplain to *Dr. Bonner*, Bp. of *London*, threatening him with Excommunication, if he exercised any such Power as to consecrate these Men within his Diocess ; wherewith the old Bishop being somewhat terrified, and, perhaps, something touched in Conscience at the Consecration of *Hereticks*, on more serious Consideration, at first scrupled, moving for a Suspension, alledging chiefly, his want of Sight ; which they interpreted to be only an Evasion, and on farther pressing, he at last absolutely refused to proceed : On which they were moved against him, and whereas before they had used him with all Courtesy and Respect, they now reviled him, calling him old, doating Fool, and the like, some of them saying, *This Old Fool thinks we cannot be Bishops, unless we are Greas'd ; to the Disgrace of him, as well as of the Catholick Manner of Consecration.* Being notwithstanding thus disappointed, and having no other Means to obtain their End, they resolved to make Use of *Master Scory's* Help, who had borrowed the Name of *Bishop*, in King *Edward's* Reign, and was thought to have sufficient Power to perform that Office, especially in that straight Necessity : He having cast off, together with his Religious Habit, all Sense of Conscience, willingly went about the Matter.”

“ Having the Bible in his Hand, *Dr. Parker* kneeled down, and he laid it on his Shoulder, saying, *Take thou Authority to preach the Word of God sincerely.* And so he rose up Bishop.”  
The like of the rest.

“ This

And in a Tavern first, the Great Behest  
Made Bread and Wine the Holy Eucharist:

There

" This whole Relation, saith Dr. *Champney*, without adding or detracting, I had from Mr. *Bluet*, a grave and judicious Gentleman in *Wisbeach-Castle*, more than once; who received it from Dr. *Neal*, who being sent by *Bonner* as aforesaid, was order'd to wait the Issue." *Champ. Vocat. of Bish. P. 194, 195.*

The Author of a Book called, *The Discussion*, P. 135. writing against *Jewel*, Bishop of *Salisbury*, saith of him, as being a Bishop, " We have no Manner of Certainty that he is a Bishop, but rather the contrary; and makes this Challenge: I pray, who made him a Bishop? Who gave him Institution? Who imposed Hands on him? What Orders had they? What Bishops were they?"

" It is true, both he, *Parker*, *Sandys*, *Story*, *Horn* and others, in the Beginning of Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, met at the Horse-head in *Cheapside*; and being disappointed of the Catholic Bishop of *Landaff*, who should there have consecrated them, they dealt with *Scory* to do it; who kneeling down Priests, with the Bible on their Heads, rose up Bishops."

*Champney* tells us, " That *John Stow*, tho' a Protestant, hath often testified this Story of the *Nag's-head*, tho' he durst not publish it. *Vocat. of Bish. P. 196.*"

And 'tis not unlikely, that because he could not be bold to publish the Truth, he omits mentioning any thing of the Consecration either of *Parker*, or any of Queen *Elizabeth's* first Bishops; which we cannot rationally suppose he forgot, since he gives a particular Account of the Consecration of Cardinal *Pool*, *Parker's* immediate Predecessor; and the rather, because he was the first Bishop consecrated the New Way: Obvious to all who read *Stow*.

There shed on all our Heads the Grace Divine,  
 With genial Hand ; *and there, my Lord, we'll dine.* }  
 He gravely reply'd, *Your Will, my Brethren, 's mine.*  
 Which gave their thoughtful Hearts a chearful Heave,  
 And each of's Lordship gently took their Leave.

And now, the void Succession plum to fill,  
 They thought themselves as safe as Thieves in Mill ;  
 But the Bishops made *Bell, Book, and Candle* on her,  
 Heard all, flirts off, and told it Bishop *Bonner* ;  
 Which Thing design'd within his Jurisdiction,  
 He thought to lay him under Interdiction ;  
 But first he sent his Chaplain, *Dr. Neal*,  
 To ring in *Landaff's* Ears a rounding Peal,  
 And lay before him *Excommunication*,  
 If he proceeded on *this Consecration*.

Next Morn they met, about the Hour of Nine,  
 Each taking harmless Whet of Fav'rite Wine :

The Bishop's call'd for, to adjacent Room,  
 Where *Neal* forewarn'd him of impending Doom :

The amphibuous Bishop, almost Planet-struck,  
 To lose his Dinner, and his *sacred Truck*,  
 With baleful Looks, returns to impatient Guest,  
 (Disasterous Doubts having fill'd each thoughtful Breast)

By *Neal's* unlucky, adapted Conversation,  
 Was partly touch'd at *Hereticks Consecration*, }  
 But chiefly dreading *Bonner's Commination* :

When mov'd to Duty, after t'other Glass,  
 They quickly found his Lordship hung in A——e.

Quoth he, *mine Eyes are dim ; they ne'er was bright.*

Quoth they, *take t'other Glass, 'twill clear your Sight.*

So done, quoth he, *I now can't see at all :*

In short, his Lordship turn'd his Tongue to's Tail.

Tho'



Tho' tempt with Gold, and ply'd with many a Brimmer,  
We lost *our Church*, 'nd the Bishop lost *his Dinner*.

What nice-fram'd Ligaments our Church hath got,  
Break but one Fibre, and, alas! she's not!  
O dear *Britannick Mother*! hard's thy Fate!  
Great *Alexander*, he was choak'd with a Gnat,  
But thou was thrus'd in Birth, by a Jade's *Chit-chat*. }

The elected Bishop, cast in Consternation,  
Thus blindly missing, gap'd for *Consecration*:  
At length, recov'ring some disorder'd Sense,  
Resolv'd their Church, *de Novo*, must commence.

Quoth Parker, with his grave, puritanick Mien,  
Wer't not to aggrandize us with the *Queen*,  
And vulgar Throng, of Sense by Priests depriv'd,  
Who own no Prelacy but what's deriv'd  
By sacred *Uction*, from the Roman See,  
I *Consecration* should not value a Flea;  
We all being Priests by sacred *Ordination*,  
Are furnish'd with each Past'ral Qualification;  
'Twas Priest-craft palm'd on's a New *Consecration*. }

No Practise like it in th' Apostles Days,  
When Christ's Religion shone in brightest Rays;  
You, Brother Scory, had a Bishop's Name,  
That and the Thing is just alike the same,  
By Providence Divine, in Edward's Reign,  
By Papists only held in wry Disdain:  
You make me first, (being Arch) I'll help make they,  
The Thing is only for a meer So-say;  
I abhor the superstitious Use of Oil,  
Took from the Pagan Custom of Wassail:  
My Beard shall not be drench'd with Popish Quitter,  
Altho' the Queen's in ne'er so great a Twitter;

*We must be Bishops, or she'll lose her Crown,  
The Old Ones [her] Supream will never own :  
Our Time is short, our Work requireth Haste,  
And fewest Words 'mongst Friends, we know, are best.*

*As when the King Knights valiant Chevalier,  
He on his Knees, with Sword cross'd o'er each Ear,  
At Sovereign's Command, Rise up, Sir John,  
The Chevalier starts up another Man :*

*Just so the Spiritual Sword laid on each Head,  
With Charge, its sacred Pages oft to read,  
And feed Christ's Flock ; there's nothing more we need.*

*Thus spake our Rev'rend Primitive Arch-Father,  
Thus Scory did, and thus they dubb'd each other ;  
Kneels down just while a Cat may lick her Ear,  
Starts up, and doughty Bishops all appear.  
So having cheer'd their Bowels, and nabb'd each Friend,  
They stock'd the Church with Colts, from End to End.*

*Thus, with undaunted Freedom, Papists write,  
And our hot-mettl'd Churchmen they deny't ;  
Avouching (i) Parker 't Lambeth consecrate,  
By Four stanch Bishops, full as good as Eight :*

And

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(i) Dr. Burnet tells you, on the Catholick Bishops refusing to consecrate *Parker*, pursuant to her Warrant issued out for that Purpose, as in the Notes behind, p. 12. she issued forth a second Warrant to *Kichin*, *Barlow*, *Scory*, *Coverdale*, *Bale of Offery*, and two Suffragans ; four of which consecrated him, December the 17th, not mentioning which Four did it. *Hist. Ref. Abrid.* p. 363. With him agrees *Echard*, and other Historians,

*Collier* tells you, the four Consecrators were *Scory*, *Barlow*, *Coverdale* and *Hodskins*. *Eccles. Hist.* p. 460.

And without Fraud or Covin, they can't but trow,  
Our Church must be a Pig of *their Old Sow*.

But, alas! not One of these presumptive Four,  
Were truly endowed with the Past'ral Power,  
Being Bishops made in *Edward's* early Reign,  
Old Consecration then in highest Disdain ;  
And were they consecrate when New took Place,  
Of which, in History, we have got no Trace ;  
Yet some, by Sym'ny, with vile Depradations,  
Had wholly null'd their *sacred Ordinations* :  
And, tho' the Pastoral Power flows from Choice,  
They all, without that Right ; the Church's Voice,  
Were made by (k) Patent from the Stripling's Crown.  
(So might they *consecrate an Old Baboon*.)

(l) Beside all this, the skipping o'er the *Unction*  
Must needs be fatal to the *sacred Function*,

For's

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(k) The Letters Patents made in the First Year of King Edward VI. the Tenure of them was in these Words: " The King to N. B. greeting. Whereas all, and all Manner of Ecclesiastical as well as Civil Jurisdiction, flows from the Crown, as from the supream Head of all the Body: We therefore give and grant unto thee, full Power and Authority and License, to continue, during our good Pleasure, for holding Ordination within this Diocess of N. and for promoting fit Persons unto holy Orders, even to that of Priesthood." *Hylen. Ch. Hist. p. 51, 52. And Burnet, p. 193.*

(l) The Form of Consecration of Bishops left out the Unction, and was only this: *Take the Holy Ghost, and remember that thou stir up the Grace of God in thee, now given by the Imposition of Hands ; for God hath not given us the Spirit of Fear, but of Love and Soberness.*



For's *Turks* convey *Small-Pox* by *Inoculation*,  
 From Days of *Tore*, to present Generation,  
 Amongst us *Christians* now become a Fashion;  
 So, by th' *sacred Quitter*, from Hand to Head,  
 From Age to Age, th' *holy Infection's* shed:  
 Which only Thing Succession hath secur'd,  
 Thro' all the *Schisms* the Church hath e'er endur'd.

On this, at best, no mortal Wight doth know,  
 Whether we have got a Church, or *Yea* or *No*.

But granting Bishops stanch anointed *Parker*,  
 Pry into't farther, and it still looks darker;  
 Schism, and Symony, by all is own'd,  
 To give *Succession* an essential *Wound*.

And all a Schism own 'twixt us and *Rome*,  
 They charge us with it, we the Charge return:  
 We say, they impose Terms sinful for Communion,  
 Just Cause, unquestion'd, for our Breach of Union.  
 And thinking here, they have us fast by th' Nose,  
 Quoth they, *What sinful Terms do we impose?*

*We bow to Jesus Image, you to's Name;*

*To worship sounds, or Objects, is the same:*

'We bow to th' *Altar*, a Sacrifice upon't,

'You do the same, believing nothing on't:

'With flaming Tapors we these Altars adorn,

'True Emblem of that Light to Men forlorn,

'That in this dark and groping World are born:

'By your *unlighted ones*, what can be meant,

'But th' Darknes of that Light to the World sent,

'And th' darker Brains that did the Thing invent?

'At our *Baptismal Laver*, 'tis most true,

'More *Ceremonials* there we use, than you;

'Beside the *Cross*, ten times; *Cream*, *Salt* and *Spittle*,

'Symbolick as the *Cross*; not quite so little.'

'By

‘ By *Cream*, God’s Grace receiv’d, we understand;  
 With *Salt be season’d*, is our Lord’s Command :  
 And th’unclean Fiend to drive from ’n Infant’s Breast,  
 (With which, all unbaptized, are possess’d,) }  
*Exorcism* none, like *Spittle of a Priest*. ’

‘ You make but one Signation with the *Cross*,  
 Engaging Sign to all Commands in gross ;  
 We sign Ten times, by which we understand,  
 We Grace receive, for keeping each Command. ’

‘ Pictures and Images of worthy Saints,  
 With famous holy Hist’ry Prints and Paints,  
 We use as Books, for dull Imagination,  
 To raise our Souls t’ a more sublime Devotion :  
 Gainst which, you *Hereticks* constantly complain,  
 Yet in your *mimick Mass-books* have the same :  
 Which to *Devotion* tacks your stupid Sinners,  
 As *Gilt Spread-Eagles* Children to their *Primmers* :  
 And others some devoutly may incline,  
 As a *George on Horse-back*, hung up in a Sign : }  
 (Thus what we use with Rev’rence, you profane.) ’

, Have we our *Altar-pieces* ? So have you ;  
 And th’ *Blessed Trinity* expose to View. ’

‘ You’re not that *num-skull’d Church*, who think they’re  
 (cramp’d,  
 To a Worship plain, by God Almighty stamp’d ;  
 But one who claim a Power for Order’s sake,  
 In Ceremonials decent Choice to make ; }  
 And, to impose them, a just Freedom take.  
 Of this Kind more, ’tis own’d, we have than you,  
 But if that Power both Churches claim, be true,  
 And by Authority may to Ten give Umber,  
 She likewise may to Ten times Ten the Number :

And

‘ And if such Things become God’s Worship well,  
 ‘ The more are us’d, the more becoming still.’

‘ And must our Church be still the *Ten-horn’d Beast*?

‘ Yours is her *Ape*, or *Image*, at the least.’

‘ Doth our’s pretend i’ Authority over Faith?

‘ Your (*m*) Twentieth Article the same Thing say’th; }

‘ To all your Thirty-nine you plight your Troth:

‘ Your (*n*) Nineteenth’s old Def’nition of a Church,

‘ By all *High Churchmen*’s wholly left i’th’ Lurch:

‘ Your Seventeenth, with *Calvin*’s Predestination,

‘ And *Athanasius*, with his wild Damnation:

‘ Your (*o*) 1st, your 2d, your 3d, your 5th, your 8th,

‘ And your 13th, all for sound Proof away’th:

‘ Yet

(*m*) The Church hath Power to decree Rights and Ceremonies, and Authority in Matters of Faith.

(*n*) The visible Church of *Christ* is the Congregation of faithful People, where the Word of God is truly preached, and the Sacraments duly administred, according to *Christ*’s Ordinance, in all Things which are of Necessity thereunto requisite.

(*o*) The first of the Trinity; the second of the Word, or Son; the third of his Descent into Hell; the fifth of the Holy Ghost; the eighth of the three Creeds; to be proved by certain Warrant of Scripture; are disbelieved by many Members of the Church of *England*.

The ninth of Original Sin; the tenth of Free Will; the seventeenth of Predestination.

And the nineteenth abovesaid, not taking Bishops, Priests and Deacons, into the Definition of the Church; with the thirteenth of Good Works, done before Justification, that they are not pleasant to God, &c. are disbelieved by most Clergymen of the Church of *England*; but subscribed as *Orthodox* by all.



' Yet all must b' yours, without Equivocation,  
' And believ't as we do *Transubstantiation* :  
' Upon the whole, we've this to say in Store,  
' If *Ahab* serv'd *Ball* a little, shan't *Jehu* more ?

Thus justly might the Church of *Rome* retort,  
What Pow'r on Earth can shew's a Remedy for't ?

Beside all this, they challenge us t' th' Nose,  
To prove one sinful Term that they impose ;  
Which, when with *Schism* we charge our own *Dissenters*,  
That, that's the Point on which the Cause we venture.

And here we've Cause for grievous Lamentation,  
We've justly incurr'd St. *Paul*'s Recrimination :

*Thou who dost thievish Motions teach t' withstand,*  
*Dost thou presume to break the Eighth Command ?*

*Thou, who pretendest Idols to abhor,*  
*Dost thou, thro' Sacrilege, rob the Church's Store ?*

*Thou, who dost make thy Boast of sacred Code,*  
*Break'st thou its Laws ? dishonourest thou thy God ?*

O *Zion ! Zion !* thy Dilapidation !  
On which a Church is built, without Foundation !  
That *Rome*'s Church something errs, needs no Confession,  
Yet there was found the visible Succession ;  
And tho' she errs, alas ! what Church is free ?  
If theirs doth, ours doth too, tho' n less Degree, }  
As by th' aforesaid Charge we plainly see.

But th' Quest is, where their num'rous Impositions  
Could justify our boist'rous Separation ?  
And consequent, that flagrant *Schism* make,  
For which, *Rome*'s Church, or ours, must stand at Stake ?

If on our Side it rests, the Arg'ment's o'er,  
Bishops we've none, our Church is out of Door :

If on the *Romish* Side the Schism rest,  
 The Essence of their Past'ral Pow'r being lost,  
 Our *Rump* of *Bishops* being ordain'd by they,  
 Who, a Pow'r they'd not, could not to us convey;  
 For all their *Orders*, and their *Consecration*,  
 They were but *Lay-men*, in a *Spiritual Station*.

Behold! behold! the Priesthood of our Church,  
 Alas! alas! how is she left i'th' Lurch!

We'd better took to *Luther*, or *Calvin's* Plan,  
 Tho' neither on them fit for a genteel Man:  
 Thro' Ignorance we wot those Foreign Nations,  
 Refus'd for a Church th' essential Qual'fication;  
 And Mercy'll find, as by the sacred Story,  
 Those did, who crucify'd the Lord of Glory.

But for us, whom Heav'n with Wisdom hath endow'd  
 Above the rest of the Reforming Crowd,  
 The Christian Priesthood's Property to know,  
 Its Force and Nature in the Church below,  
 Strikes Horror, the *Behest* thus to forego.

An Ordinance Validity none pretending,  
 On th' Holiness of the Priest to be depending;  
 Both *Rome* and *us* allowing a drunken Priest,  
 Can make one, born in Sin, a Memb'r of *Christ*:  
 Or, when Salvation lieth at Six and Seven,  
 Strike Scores with God, and send the Soul to Heaven,  
 More safe and sound than *Noah*, *Daniel*, *Job*,  
 Or all *Lay Saints* who've since dwelt on the Globe,

Had it been this our Church's happy Fate,  
 One Bishop to have had, at any Rate,  
 Tho' such a Liquid one, they'd not long since  
 In *Ireland* got who (not to give Offence)  
 Would Bishops make for a Pint of Ale a Head,  
 From early Morn, 'till Time to go to Bed;

It in some Measure might have skinn'd this Wound;  
And she'd still been a Member somewhat sound.

But now our Kings in *Peter's* Chair are seated,  
And to the *Crown* the *Mitre's* thus united ;  
When a vacant Bishoprick's gaping to be fill'd,  
A Chapter for the Sham Election held ;  
And, with their Dean, address'd their God in Pray'r,  
That he with Wisdom would their Souls inspire,  
To chuse a Pastor, one whose Heart's enlarg'd,  
To feed the Flock of *Christ*, bequeath'd to's Charge :  
Lo! *Hobson's* Choice ; for tho' 'tis *Conge d'Elire*,  
The King's Choice must be theirs, or a *Premunire* :  
But tho' our Queen's young Church was crude and raw  
And fate not easy 'n *Pope's* or *Puritan's* Maw,  
Resolv'd she'd make it a true Church by Law. }

When (p) *Bonner*, Canonist of no less Fame  
Than his Severity'd left a Stain on's Name,

E 2

By

(p) All Historians agree, that in the 6th Year of Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, by a Statute made the last Parliament, empowering the Bishops to tender the *Oath of Supremacy* to all suspected Persons within their Diocess, *Bonner* being then a Prisoner in the *Marshalsea*, which being in *Southwark*, brought him within the Diocess of *Winchester*, was by Bishop *Horn's* Chancellor summoned, and tendered the *Oath of Supremacy* ; which he refusing to take, was indicted at the *King's-Bench Bar*, on the Statute.

*Bonner* pleaded, ' That *Horn* was no Bishop at that Time, ' and therefore not empowered by the Statute to tender him ' the Oath.' On which, the Matter dropt for that Time, and all the Judges having debated the Affair at *Serjeant's-Inn*, they thought it not fit to be put to an Issue ; but deferr'd the Decision of it to the next Sessions of Parliament. Upon



By Bishop *Horn* was summon'd, and refus'd  
To take the Oath to th' Queen, by Law impos'd ;

On

Upon which sound Advice (as *Heylen* calls it) soon after, which was in *September 1565*, the Parliament met, and pass'd the following Act, which you have in *Collier's Ch. Hist. p. 510. 2d. Vol.* which, with Part of the Preamble, is thus :

' And farther, for the avoiding of all Ambiguity and  
' Doubt that may arise, and Questions that may be objected,  
' against the lawful Confirmation, Investing, and Consecra-  
' tion of the said Archbishops and Bishops: Her Majesty, by  
' her *Letters Patents* under the Great Seal of *England*, direct-  
' ed to any *Archbishop*, or other, for confirming, investing, and  
' Consecration of the said Archbishops or Bishops, hath not  
' only used such Words and Sentences as were accustomed to  
' be used by the said King *Henry*, her Majesty's Father, and  
' King *Edward*, her late Brother, to their like *Letters Patents* ;  
' but hath also used and put into her *Letters Patents*, divers  
' other general Words and Sentences, whereby her Highness,  
' by her *supream Authority and Power*, hath dispensed with all  
' Causes or Doubts that may arise, of any *Imperfection* or *Dis-*  
' *ability* that can, or may be objected against the same, as by  
' her said Majesty's said *Letters Patents*, remaining recorded,  
' more plainly will appear, &c.'

' Be it therefore enacted, &c. That all Persons that have  
' been or shall be Ordained or Consecrated Archbishops,  
' Bishops, Priests, Ministers, or Deacons, after the Form pre-  
' scribed in the said Book, &c. be in very Deed. And also by  
' Authority hereof, declared and enacted to be, and in very  
' Deed are, and shall be *Archbishops, Bishops, Priests, Ministers*  
' *and Deacons, rightly made consecrate and ordained* ; any Statute,  
' Law, Canon or any thing to the contrary notwithstand-  
' ing.

By is last Act, saith *Heylen*, the Church is strongly settled on  
Her natural Basis. See *Heylen's Ch. Hist. P. 345, 346.* Fuller  
and Collier.

Hav-

On which, being forc'd t' appear at her *Bench-Bar*,  
To *Horn's* Authority he makes Demur;

Proves

Having quoted Authorities making no distinction between *Protestants and Papists*, veracity in this part of my *Historical Poem*; which looks above Rights and Ceremonies, Garbs and Modes of Worship, things in their own Nature indifferent until Commanded by Authority: not whether we are of this, that, or the other *Party in our Church Militant*: But whether we are a *CHURCH* or no; that is in short whether we are *CHRISTI-ANS*; and consequently in *Covenant* with *God*, by Baptism from the Hands of a Priest episcopally ordained. Which if we believe, as we speak and write, is our firm *Faith*: and consequently of the greatest Moment in this *World*.

I shall contract this weighty Matter into as narrow a compass as I can from the fore quoted *Authorities*; make some Observations, give my Thoughts impartially, and leave the Reader to judge.

To what hath been quoted already in the Margin I shall add, the Author of the *Nullity of the prelaetick Clergy of England*, printed *Anno*, 1659. saith; 'It is now a Hundred Years since the Transaction at the *Nag's-Head*; was constantly related and believed by Wise Men as an undoubted Truth, ever since that time until the Year 1613, when their new Register, unknown to the World before, was published by Mr. *Mason*: not only *Dr. Neal*, but other *Catholicks*, of most entire Credit, being Eye-witnesses of *Scory's* ridiculous Consecration of *Parker*, thro' a hole in the Door, P. 75, and 76 The Bishop of *Salisbury*, in his *Hist. Ref. abr.p.* 364. saith, 'This Story of the *Nag's-Head* was first publicly vented, 40 Years after it was transacted, as all the Consecration those Bishops ever had.

But as the Authors abovementioned tells you, tho' it was not printed and publicly vented (the *Papists* being all that  
Reign

Proves him *no Bishop* by Ecclesiastick Law,  
And his Authority not worth a Straw.

Chief Fro

Reign under a Cloud,) 'twas constantly related and generally believed by wise Men as an undoubted Truth, ever since it was acted, which was in the Year 1559, until *Mason's Register* was published, Anno 1613, which was 54 Years after it was acted.

Now as it is a *Marvel* (setting by the common Reports from the Original) that any Person of Ingenuity and Learning, should have the Impudence to vent a Story of that Moment, (as it is deemed in this Age to be,) which if not true, might (tho' 40 Years after) so easily be confuted and convincingly detected. 'Tis a greater Marvel it should not be contradicted until 54 Years after, were it not too true to admit of a Contradiction. And why the *Lambeth Register*, if genuine, had not been published on the first printing the Story and publicly vending it, but lie dormant 14 Years after.

Dr. *Bramhal* and Mr. *Mason* have taken a great deal of Pains to confute the *Nag's-Head* Story, and also to prove the *Lambeth* Consecration, which seems to be convincingly reply'd unto by the Author of the *Nullity* abovesaid, all which Pains they might have spared, if the thing were as clear as pretended to be, as well as to prove the Consecration of any Bishop since.

Would it not be as ridiculous as impertinent, for any one in this Age to pretend to write a Book to prove *Sheldon* the first Archbishop of *Canterbury* after the Restoration, (almost as great a Change in Religion as the former) had no Consecration but in a Tavern? And would any Man of Learning and Sense, take the Pains to write a Book, to confute such a hair-brain'd Story.

And tho' not only the first Reformers, but almost all the Bishops and inferior Clergy after, until about the middle of



Chief Justice *Cattaline*, with the other Judges,  
 From off the Bench t' a private Conference budges :  
 The

of King *James's* Reign, had no Notion of a Superiority, in order of a Bishop to Presbyter, and consequently no Necessity of a second Consecration, being ordained Priests; but only complied with it for Political Reasons, and upon that account might be thought to be regardless of those Reports.

Yet considering the Reason of complying with it being only Political, to Humour the Queen and the People, who thought none could be Bishops, who derived not their Orders from *Rome*, these Reports, must of course have spoiled the very End of their complying with it; and consequently must be the more zealous in clearing the thing and quashing all these Reports, than *Mason* who was the first that made the Attempt, or any after him had need to be, when the *Catholick Opinion* began to prevail of Episcopacy, being essential to the Being of a Priesthood. Since if the Succession, was secured, these Reports could not break it, nor the contrary mend it, if broak; so consequently do neither good nor harm; only afford the Papist a Subject to Giggle on.

I say, all these things considered, and no Opposition made to this famous Story, all the time of the Persons immediately concerned, until 54 Years after the Transaction: is more than a strong Presumption there was too much Truth in it to pretend to confute.

Especially considering there was a Queen on the Throne, who by her Severity on the Puritan Libellers, of her Spiritual Constitution, would not be wanting, with her utmost Zeal, to endeavour the Detecting so flagrant a Scandal on the Church, of her own making, she so much valued her self on all her Days.

But

The Conf'rence ended, took again to Bench,  
From off th' Argument, found they could not wrench ;  
Pro

But to me the Question doth not seem so great nor the Matter so much, *Church* or *Tavern*, in a case of Necessity especially, as by whom the Thing was done, (and as not worth their while to forge such a Story, so not worth our while to contradict it,) and in that which is the main Point, (the Person by whom done) no great Controversy doth arise.

*Scory* is the Consecrator at the *Nag's-Head* by the *Papists* Account ; and *Scory* with three Colegues, (no better if so good) were the Consecrators at *Lambeth*, by the *Protestants* Account. And as it is not the Place, so neither is it the Number, but the Qualification of the Consecrator makes the Ordinance valid.

To set this Matter in a clear Light, I think it not improper to give a short Account of the State of Affairs, in relation to the Church at that time, which you will find confirmed by the marginal Quotations behind ; and may also serve to clear some things in this part of my *Historical Poem*, which might otherwise seem Luxuriant.

At Queen *Elizabeth's* Accession to the Throne, there was but fifteen Catholick Bishops living, fourteen of which was deprived July 1559, according to *Stow*, and others. *Burnet* saith, *Tonstal* continued in until September, in Hopes he would have taken the Oath of *Supremacy* to the Queen ; (which Indulgence may be justly presumed to be only for a Tool to make her a Sett of New Bishops ;) but then refusing, was deprived as the rest before. Only *Anthony Kichin* of *Landaff* complied ; a Man who changed and kept Pace with the Government in every Change of Church or State ; and all Historians agree, he had symonically wasted and made miserable Depredations on his Bishoprick : So, that tho' the only Bishop

Proceedings dropt; and on this Matter of Fact,  
Instantaneously the Parliament pass'd an Act,

*That*

shop who complied and embraced the *Reformation*, he was not thought fit for one of *Parker's* four Consecrators.

Immediately on her Accession to the Throne, she sent a private Embassy to *Rome*. In the mean Time, tho' she entertained the Protestants with Hopes, no Persuasions could prevail on her to cast off the Papists; was crowned by *Oglethorp*, Bishop of *Ely*, according to the *Roman Pontifical*; and neither Protestants nor Papists could call her theirs, until she had Advice of the *Pope's* denying her Ambassador a favourable Reception, disowning her Title to the Crown, when she was under a Necessity of renouncing the *Roman Mitre*, and falling in with a Party who had testified their Zeal against the *Pope's* Authority, in the Flames of a hot Persecution in her Sister's Reign; so that she was rather thrown off from, than of herself forsook, *Rome*. See *Osborn's Memoirs on Queen Elizabeth's Reign*.

The Queen being crowned the 13th of *January*, the Parliament met the 25th following, reviving the Laws made in King *Edward's* Reign, concerning *Religion*, annexing the *Supremacy* again to the Crown, repealed in her Sister's Reign; And the Popish Bishops all refusing on Oath to own it, except *Landaff*, being deprived, (as before) their Sees were all filled with Protestants, those vacant on Queen *Mary's* Death, soon after Queen *Elizabeth's* Coronation, and others immediately after those deprived in *July* following.

Almost all these Bishops being Exiles in Queen *Mary's* Reign, having suck'd in *Zuinglius*, and the Generality of the Foreign Reformers Notions of a *Parity in Order*, and Necessity of *Succession* only in *Faith* and *Verity*; some of them very unwillingly accepted the Office, particularly *Parker*, (as before observed); *Coverdale*, who had the Name of a Bishop in



*That Bishops, and Archbishops' Consecration,  
With all th' inferior Clergy's Ordination,*

*Made*

*Edward's* Reign, absolutely refused to re-assume the Office; and all disliked a *Secondary Consecration*.

But the Queen, and the far greater Part of the People then thinking, *no Bishop, no Church*; and, as yet, owning no Succession or Ordination but what was derived from the Catholick Church (see *Osborn*, as above); and the Catholick Bishops all refusing, to a Man, but *Landaff*; and being disappointed of the *Irish* Archbishop in the Tower, (which Story is owned by Mr. *Mason*) as behind, and a very good Proof they could get noBody else of unquestioned Authority for that Office, the Queen's natural Inclination, as well as the Voice of the People, requiring it, they were forc'd to play a small Game, rather than sit out, and slymonically to tempt the Bishop of *Landaff* for a Consecration, and disasterously disappointed there too; being loath to go with a sleeveless Story to the Queen, who impatiently waited the Event, they dealt with *Scory*, one of *King Edward's* Ecclesiastical High Sheriffs for the Diocess of *Hereford* (as *Heylen* calls them,) to do the Thing; hoping that by their private Management it might pass as done by *Landaff*. But the Thing took Air, and it coming to the Queens Ear, put her into an uncommon Twitter.

So say *Popish Historians*, whose Credit in this Matter will not by prudent and impartial Persons be despised, but whether true or no, is of no great Moment to the Case.

The Queen being under an absolute Necessity of State for having Bishops, and such truly Consecrate, she could have none, was forced to dispence with all the Invalidities of the Faculty and Qualification of those Persons, who must make for her an Archbishop.

Our modern *Protestant Historians* say, some of them, as *Burnet* and *Echard*, (I suppose from *Fuller*) that on the Queens sending

*Made since the Queen's Accession to the Crown,  
Should, by that Act, be valid, legal, sound :*

So,

sending the *Conge d'Elire*, Dr. Parker being chosen by the Chapter of *Caterbury*, a Warrant was directed to *Coverdale*, *Kichin*, *Barlow*, *Scory*, *Bale of Offerie*, and two Suffragans to Consecrate him, and accordingly by four of these he was Consecrated at *Lambeth*, December 17th, cunningly omitting the Nomination of the four, leaving it to the Reader to pick out the best of seven addled Eggs.

*Collier* following close the *Lambeth Register* saith, on his Election, he was Consecrated by *Barlow*, *Scory*, *Coverdale*, and *Hodskins*, *Ch. Hist.* P. 460, 461.

*Mason* from his *Lambeth Register*, saith, That the Dean and Chapter of *Canterbury*, having received the Writ of *Conge d'Elire* elected Master Doct. Parker for their Archbishop according to the Antient and Laudable Custom of that Church, in December ; and was consecrated by the four Bishops aforesaid.

There are two notable Circumstances that wound the Credit of this *Lambeth Register*, which is all we have to shew for this Consecration.

First, The time of his Election, namely in *December* ; whereas *Heylen* positively affirmeth, that the Warrant for his Election bore Date the 18th of *July*, and that he was elected *Aug.* the 1st, a few Days after the deprivation of the old Bishop, *Heyl. Ch. Hist.* P. 293.

Dr. *Burnet* saith, the Warrant issued forth for *Parker's* Consecration, to *Tonstal*, *Bourn*, *Pool*, &c. Was in *September*, who consequently must be elected before that time, (agreeable with *Heylen*, who saith he was elected the 1st of *Aug.*) *Hist. Reform. Abridg.* P. 363.

But how to reconcile this Account of Dr. *Burnet* with what he saith, two or three Pages off That *Tonstal* only con-

So, in Succession being apparent Flaw,  
That *Chasm's* clos'd by this most wholsom Law.

And

30

tinued in until *September*, all the rest of the *Catholick* Bishops being deprived in the Month of *July*: I am at a loss, unless we can bring our selves, to believe the Queen would Issue forth her Warrant to Bishops actually deprived, to perform the highest Office belonging to their Order.

And *Secondly*, 'tis as evident, as to the *Conge d'Elire*, that there was no such thing Issued forth for the Election of *Parker* or any of Queen *Elizabeth's* first Bishops, as any thing possibly can be. The Writ of *Conge d'Elire* being abolished, as behind, *P. 11.* by Act of Parliament, and the King empowered to make Bishops by his Letters Patents, the Form of which you have behind, *P. 21.* which being repeal'd by Queen *Mary*, was renewed the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, and and all her first Bishops made by those Letters Patents.

This very plainly appears by the Preamble to that Act made in the 6th Year of her Reign, for the Confirmation of all Consecrations made in her Reign, on *Bonner's* Demurr to *Horn's* Authority as Bishop. See the said Act with its Preamble, *P. 28.* behind, which leaves no manner of room to dispute in that Matter.

These two great Mistakes, especially the latter, being so evident to every Eye cast on that Statute (such material Mistakes not lightly found in Register) render it more than suspicious of an Imposture. And it is no Marvel that the Contrivers of it, 54 Years after the thing was Transacted, thro' Inadvertancy, be guilty of such an Oversight.

When *Jewel* and *Horn*, two of the first Bishops were challenged by *Harding* and *Stapleton*, and press'd earnestly and boldly for a Proof of their Vocation and Consecration; *Horn* makes no reply at all, and *Jewel* nothing to the purpose; not one Word of *Parker's* Consecration, nor who consecrated him, nor of the *Lambeth* Register.

Be



Besides, *Brooks* in his *Novel Cases*, printed 1604, with Priviledge, gives the Opinion of the Judges in this Case in their own Words.

' The Bishops in King *Edward's* Reign being not consecrated, were not Bishops; and therefore a Lease granted by them, and confirmed by the Dean and Chapter, shall not bind the Successor, for they were no Bishops; contrarywise a Lease granted by a Bishop deprived, who was a Bishop in Fact at the granting the Lease, shall bind the Successor. *Folio 101.*

But most remarkable is the Case of *Bonner* against *Horn*, as behind, p. 27, 28, &c. where not only the Judges on their Conference at *Serjeants-Inn*. But the Representatives of the whole Kingdom thought them no Bishops, and therefore pass'd that remarkable Act, which made them Legal Bishops, and our Church true Church by Law.

*Mason* is under another great Mistake in relation to his *Lambeth Register*; he saith (to coroborate the Validity of *Parker's* Consecration) that *Scory* and *Coverdale* was consecrated the 1st of *August*, 1551. whereas the Parliament which authorized the new Form of Consecration, did not begin until five Months after: The first of *January* following, being the 5th and 6th of *Edward VI.* and the Popish Form was abrogated the beginning of the King's Reign, and consequently could have no Consecration at that Time; and there is no Account appears beside, that ever they were consecrated at all.

And no Marvel they were not, at least all those who were made Bishops before the New Form came forth, which were all *Parker's* pretended Consecrators, if not all those that was made in that King's Reign; which we may rationally conclude to be so by the Opinion of the Judges, as above, both in *Bonner's* Case, and *Brooks* Noval Cases, as to Leases granted by them. King *Edward* being a shrewd Prince, far above his Age in Knowledge, and, as *Collier* observes at the Conclusion of his Life, was an *Erastian*, as those generally were who were  
at

at the Head of Affairs at that Time, it being the general Opinion of the Reformers, that Laymen might be Bishops.

*Barlow*, one of *Parker's* 4 Consecrators, being then Bishop of *St. Davids*, publickly declared, 'If the King's Grace, being  
'supream Head (under Christ) of the Church of *England*,  
'make any Layman Bishop by his own Choice, Election, and  
'Denomination, he so chosen and denominated, without Con-  
'secration, is as good a Bishop as any Bishop in *England*.

'He was Presented for these Words by *Roger Lewis*, Batchel-  
'lor of Law, before the Reverend Father in God, the Lord  
'President of the Council in *Wales*, but no Notice taken.  
*Coll. Ch. Hist. p. 135. Vol. 2.*

By which it seems the only Reason for authorising the New  
Form of Consecration, which was not until the 6th Year of  
his Reign, was only Political, to humour the (as yet) major  
part of the People, who had not shook off their Catholick Im-  
pressions.

*Dr. Burnet* tells you, *The Grant of Ecclesiastical Preferments un-  
to Laymen was no uncommon thing at that Time.*

*Cromwell* was Dean of *Wells*; the Earl of *Hartford* was load-  
ed with several Ecclesiastical Dignities, and a great many  
Noblemen and Gentlemens Sons had Prebendaries. *Hist.*  
*Ref. abr. p. 7. and 191. Vol. 2.*

And it may be plainly gathered from the 23d Article of  
*King Edward*, *That they thought only chusing and calling, without  
Episcopal Ordination, sufficient to qualify Ministers for the Lord's  
Vineyard*: As *Dr. Burnet* observes, in his Exposition of the 39  
Articles, where he farther tells you, on his Exposition of this  
Article, *That not only those who penn'd the Articles, but the Body  
of this Church, for half an Age and above, after acknowledged the  
foreign Churches thus Consecrated, true Churches.* See his Expositi-  
on of the 39 Articles, p. 259.

It is farther evident, that *King Edward's Made-Bishops* was  
not Bishops, at least in the Opinion of the Old Church of *England*,  
in that *those of them* that was burnt in *Queen Mary's Days*, was  
degraded only of their *Priestly Orders*.

*Brooks*

*Brooks*, Bishop of *Gloucester*, when he came to degrade *Ridly*, *Hooper* and *Farrer* ; told them, *We are to degrade you only of your Priestly Orders, for you are no Bishops* ; and that Reason could not arise on their having nullified their Orders by Heresy, for that must have equally affected their Priestly Orders, but *Non-Consecration* ; for *Cranmer* being duly consecrated, equally Heretical, was degraded both of his Episcopal and Priestly Orders. *Fox's Acts and Monuments*.

Had there been the least Colour of their being Bishops, they would doubtless have degraded them of those Orders too, when about it ; no Church on Earth being more nicely and conscientiously careful not to execute the Bishop or the Priest with the Criminal.

Upon the whole, we may rationally conclude our Reformers had no Notion of Episcopal Succession, nor of more than Two Orders in the Church, and that all Offices peculiar to Bishops now a-Days, as an Order superior to Presbyters, may be performed by Lay-men, or by Priests, without a second Consecration.

*Whitaker* and *Fulk*, two of the most learned Divines of that Reign, in answer to the Romanists, challenging them to prove their Vocation and Orders, answers them in short thus :

Quoth *Whitaker*, *I would not have you think that we make any Reckoning of your Orders or Consecration, so as to hold our Vocation unlawful without them.* *Whitaker, Contra Dureum, p. 21.*

And *Fulk*, *You are highly deceiv'd if you think we esteem your Bishops, Priests and Deacons better than Lay-men ; we defy and abhor all your Antichristian Orders.* See his Answer to the Counterfeit Catholick.

Thus from the Reformation for above 50 Years, deeming the Pope's Church (as they called her) no Church of Christ, but the Synagogue of Satan and Antichrist ; that Son of Perdition who hath made himself drunk with the Blood of the Saints, and being entirely cut off from her, no marvel they were not at all fond of any Relation to her, but despised all her Orders, founding their Succession immediately from the Apostles in  
Faith



Faith and Verity, (as hath been before observed) with out (forsooth) running down the long, intricate, mazey, winding, craz'd Conduit-Pipe through the *Romish* Synagogue; and admitted Ministers of the foreign Reformed Churches who had not Episcopal Ordination to officiate in our Churches without Re-ordination, in all sacred Ordinances; one President of which is sufficient for all you have forward, p. 51, &c.

But in the succeeding Reign of King *James*, toward the latter end, the Opinion prevailing of the *Roman Church* being a *True Church*, Episcopacy to be *Jure Divino*, and a Succession from her Essential; the *Romanists* nicking that Season to publish the Nags-head Transaction, and busily engaged to prove the Nullity of our Clergy and Church, lest she should be thought ingendered by the *May Dew*, or at best but a *Bastard*, and consequently cause an Elope to *Rome*, to prove ours her Legitimate and Genuine Off-spring, by the Contrivance of *Mason* and Archbishop Abbot's Consent, the *Lambeth Register*, unknown to the World, or unheard of before, was published.

But admitting the *Lambeth Register* Genuine, and be that as it will, we have another great Difficulty to get over.

Not to insist much on these primitive Bishops with their Four Consecrators, mentioned in the Register, not having so much as the *Sham Conge d' Elire* for their free Election, but made so by Letters Patents from the Crown, wanting thereby one essential Qualification for a spiritual Overseer, the Church's Choice, and being no more than Ecclesiastical High-Sheriffs, as before observed.

The Bishops in the Apostles Days were generally Itinerant, but were chosen by the Churches, and that was their Credentials where-ever they preach the everlasting Gospel. See *Acts* 15. 22. and on *Cor.* 2. 8--19.

The same Custom and Right of the Church was us'd the immediate succeeding Ages.

*Fabianus* was chosen Bishop of *Rome* by all the Brethren of that Church.

*Anterius*

*Anterius* being dead all the Brethren of the Church of Rome, met together to chuse a Successor.

*Sabinus* was chosen Bishop of *Emerita*, by all the Brethren of that Church.

*Cyprian* was chosen Bishop of *Carthage*, by the Favour of all the People, and throughout all *Africa*, as well as *Europe* and *Asia*, the Churches chose their Bishops.

There is no need of many Quotations of particular Examples, where a Practice is univerſal, as is well known this was in the primitive Ages of Christianity, to all who are acquainted with the State of the Church at that Time.

Now admitting the † *Erastian* Principles, that all Ecclesiastical Power Centers in the Civil Magistrate; even Ordination of Priests and Excommunication, as well as every Act of Government in the Church besides; and that *Laymen* might be Bishops, upon which Foundation our New Church of *England* was established: I must own it doth properly belong to the Kings of *England* by their Letters Patents, or by this *Conge d'Elire*; which is but another Name for the same thing, to make their Bishops.

But since our Church is gone off from those Principles, and avouch Bishops cannot but be Spiritual Persons, of an Order superior to Priests, without whom, or by those ordained by them, all divine Offices and Ordinances are a Nullity: I say, Bishops under this Notion, not having the Church's free Choice, wanting that essential Qualification, it is of no small Moment: *He that entereth not into the Sheep-fold by the Door, but climeth up some other way, the same is a Thief and a Robber, John 10. 1.*

But to let that pass, let us consider these four pretended Consecrators of our first Archbishop, from whom flow'd all Consecrations since in our Church; *Coverdale, Scory, Barlow, and Hodskins.*

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As

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† *Erastus* was a *Swiss* Doctor.

As for *Coverdale*, he was made Coadjutor to *Vaveisey*, Bishop of *Exeter*, (being very old) the beginning of King *Edward's* Reign, who dying soon after, *Coverdale* was made Bishop in his stead ; and so was one of King *Edward's* unconsecrated Bishops, or Ecclesiastical High Sheriffs, as aforesaid.

But being in Exile, tainted with *Zuinglius* on his Return, the beginning of the Queens Reign, refused to accept his late Bishoprick of *Exeter*, or any other. And also 4 Years after being earnestly prest to accept the Bishoprick of *Landaff*, with a Promise of annexing the Lands symonically alienated by *Kichin*, he refus'd it, but lived privately in and about *London*, preaching occasionally in the Churches ; and would only accept of the Collation of *St. Magnus* in *London*. *Stripe's Life of Grindal*. P.91.

Now it seems strange, that him, who thro' tendernefs of Conscience refused to accept of a Bishoprick once and again, earnestly press'd on him, should assist in Consecration of another, which very much strengthens the Suspicion of the Forgery of the *Lambeth Register*.

As for *Barlow* and *Scory*, besides the Deficiencies before said, the former having Symonically wasted the Rich Bishoprick, of *St. Davids*, that it was not worth his keeping ; he afterwards alienated nineteen Mannors and Granges of the Bishoprick of *Bath* and *Wells*, to the Protector *Somerfet*, for that *See*, with the remainder ; so that tho' he published a Book of Recantation, making severe Reflections both on the Reformers, and on the Reformation it self ; hoping to keep his Bishoprick, yet was deprived, not only on Account of Non-Consecration as before said, but his Symonical Drepredations.

As for *Scory*, tho' he renounced his Wife, and did publick Pennance for his Marriage, hoping to keep his Bishoprick, which to enjoy at the Price of his Wife, must be Symony in the highest Degree, if our Lawful Espousals, under the most solemn Covenant before God and his Church, to Keep, Love and Cherish, until parted by Death, ought to be preferred to Gold and Silver.

And



And tho' he was joined in Commission as a Delegate with *Martin*, and *Brooks* Bishop of *Gloucester*, to Judge *Cranmer*, yet being no Bishop on account of the before-mentioned Deficiencies, was put out of his Bishoprick. *Hist. Ref. Ab.* 250-299.

So these two, besides the foresaid Deficiencies, being deeply immers'd in Symony, in the Gall of Bitterness and Bond of Iniquity, must be void of the Holy Ghost, and consequently could not confer on others what they had not themselves.

These two eloped, turned Exiles, and fell in with the Gospellers.

As for Suffragan *Hodskins*, he was no other than one of King *Edward's* Ecclesiastical under Sheriffs, and had no Power or Authority to Exercise any Jurisdiction or Office whatsoever, more than a Presbyter, but as immediately commissioned by his Diocesan. *Coll. Ch. Hist.* p. 44. Vol. 2. And being in the Dioceses of *London*, I leave it to the judicious Reader's Thoughts whether Bishop *Bonner* would give him any such Power, so must of Course be set by as a Cypher in this Consecration.

Now considering all these Deficiencies and Invalidity, it is no Marvel that the Papist have from time to time ever since been Challenging us to prove the Vocation and Validity of our Priesthood

And in truth the best Answer we can give them, is what Archbishop *Bancroft* used to make on the Question, How *Parker* and our first Bishops came by their Consecration? which was; he hoped a Priest, in case of Necessity, might make a Bishop.

And if a Priest can make Bishops in Case of Necessity, surely he may Priests, which will open such a Gap to our Separatists, that all our Wisdom and Learning will not be able to close; they'll prove their Necessity as well as we ours.

But the Question is, Who makes the Necessity? will not *Papists* say, had you not broken off from us, you should not have wanted Bishops.

We can only say, they imposed Sinful Terms on us, and here I refer you to their Answer behind, *Page 22, 23, 24. of Poem.*

If we ask the Dissenter what makes their Necessity, will not their Answer be the same? You impose upon us sinful Terms of Communion, and we can clear our selves from that to them, just as the *Papists* do to us.

Now whether they were Consecrated by *Scory* alone, at the *Nag's-Head*, or *Parker* by him, with his three Coleagues at *Lambeth*, they were neither on them other than Priests: two of whom had by their Symony forfeited their Priestly Orders also, and were but Lay-men: which is as clear from what hath been said, from good Authority, as can prudently be expected, of a Matter transacted so long since, wherein our Protestant Historians then living, as *Stow*, *Holingshead*, *Speed*, &c. were silent, either not daring otherwise, or naturally willing to bury it in Oblivion. *Popish* Historians under a Cloud ever since, and their Writings discredited, tho' the Authors of good Integrity, and raley in the Hands of Protestants: and our modern Protestant Historians stubbering it over, or else quite stifling it. And the other two, *Coverdale* and *Hudskins*, tho' they were Priests, and nothing appears in History of their forfeiting it, there is no Reason to think, as before observed, that *Coverdale* had any Hand in it, and *Hudskins*, if there was such a one, had nothing to do there.

See what a Foundation our tow'ring Church is built on, we had been almost as good contented with the *Nag's-Head* Consecration, and made no Noise about it.

Now (not to mention the great Schism between *Rome* and us, allow'd by all, of which they or us must be guilty, and consequently the Succession inevitably broke, as behind, *Pages 23d and on the 25th of the Poem*, Schism as effectually nulling the Bishop as Symony; it being equally one to be cut off from the Body of Christ by the one, as to be in the Gaul of Bitterness and Bond of Iniquity by the other.) Now, I say,

con-

considering all these Things, what have we been doing these many Years in our fatiguing Endeavours to prove our Separatists no Churches of Christ, but left to the uncovenant Mercy of God? Even on the same Foot on which we our selves are in the self-same wretched and miserable Condition, nay worse; for our infallible Knowledge, (unless wilfully blind) leaves us inexcusable, if we are wanting in our Endeavours to retrieve it.

Whereas their Ignorance God may wink at, and if our Succession was retrieved in *Archbishop Laud's* Time, thro' our strong Faith, as forward, *Page 59, &c.* or through so long a Tract of Time healed, 'twas dash'd to pieces on the late blessed Revolution, as forward, *Page 85.*

To be short, altho' this Thing is of that Moment, in the Opinion of all sound Churchmen, as that on which (with our profound *Dodwell*, with other some more of us) depends the immortalizing so many Millions of Souls, included in our pretended Church, by Baptism, (being by Nature Mortal) or by all of us, if by Nature Immortal, (which is worse) left to the uncovenant Mercy of God. I say, altho' this thing is of so great Moment, there cannot be the least rational Hopes to any judicious impartial Searcher after Truth; but that there was such an Invalidity or Deficiency, as either not being consecrated at all; or if consecrated, done by one or more, who had no 'semblance of Power or Divine Authority to do it; or else *Benner*, who (tho' stained with Cruelty) wanted not full Judgment in that Matter, would not have denied *Horn* to have been a Bishop at the King's-Bench Bar, nor would the Judges have failed over-ruling his Plea; but on a deliberate Conference at *Serjeant's-Inn*, where they for that purpose met, have referred the Decision of it to the next Sessions of the Parliament; nor would that wise and August Assembly, who abolished Popery, have humoured *Benner's* Plea so far as to pass that famous Act, as behind, *Page 28.* had *Horn* been a Bishop; which Act, with its Preamble, the Reader is desired to peruse diligently.

And



And if *Horn* was not a Bishop, none of the rest was.

What can be more clear, than the Opinion of all the Judges, and the three Estates of the Realm in Being, at the Time of the Transaction of a thing so long, since which our Historians have endeavoured to smoothen.

Observe, the Invalidity or Imperfection and Disability there mentioned, could not arise on their being consecrated by the new Form only; for that being authorized by Act of Parliament, the 5th and 6th of *Edward VI.* was Valid; and consequently, had these four pretended Consecrators of *Parker*, or of our first Protestant Bishops been consecrated by that New Form, it must be valid; and no need of this New Act for Removing all Doubt and Question that may be objected (as in the Preamble express'd.) And, as before observed, none in his Reign was Consecrated by the Old Form; so consequently the Imperfection, Invalidity or Disability before-mentioned, must arise on these four pretended Consecrators of *Parker*, having themselves no Consecration, agreeable to what is mentioned behind in *Brook's Novel Cases*, Pages 37 and 38. As to the Judges Opinion of Leases granted by Bishops made in King *Edward's* Reign; to wit, they being not Consecrated, was not Bishops, and consequently those Leases Invalid.

So I take Leave of the serious Historian and Observer, and give the Poet the Range.

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And now, behold a Church with a Hierarchy in't,  
Come light on Fire, new coin'd, out of th' *Mint*;  
Not founded on the Apostolick Plan,  
The Church's Infant State, e'er she began  
Her inward radiant Beauty to display,  
Both gorgeous to the World t' appear, and gay;

When

When Priests and Bishops both were deem'd as one,  
 And Superiority 'f Order there was none ;  
 Nor knew the Pow'r that Canon did afford her,  
 Let all be done with Decency and Order ;  
 Transmitted only down from *Pristine* Days,  
 In *Piedmont's* Vales, unblest'd with *Sol's* bright Rays ;  
 Whose Habitants and Manners, so obscure,  
 Escap'd Submission to the *Roman* Chair ;  
 Which rustick Neighbourhood, their mouldy Model,  
 First made Impress on *Calvin's* Cock-sure Noddle :  
 Nor on th' Authority of the *Roman* See,  
 Where true Succession must (if in *Europe*) be ;  
 But an Act of Parliament, the same Foundation,  
 Impow'rs the *Publicans* to Poll the Nation.

Now see a Faith's Defend'res on the Throne,  
 More absolute than's Holiness at *Rome* :

'Twas a Jest too shrewd of *James* of *Calledon*,

On's first Accession to the *English* Throne ;

*Do I the Judges and the Bishops make ?*

*What I'll have Law and Gospel, they shall speak.*

\* Our New Church head, as Specimen of her Pow'r,  
 On th' Ecclesiastick Scene first took her Tour ;

Her Fingers touch'd with her Father's sacred Itch,

With th' Church's poor Remains herself t' enrich ;

Left Bishops Praunder-prick'd, should grow too frolick,

She took t' herself, by Authority Apostolick,

Their old Demains, and many a noble Grange,

And gave them Tythes inappropriate, Exchange :

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\* *Stripe's* Life of Archbishop *Grindal*, p. 32.

Which griev'd their righteous Souls, their spiritual Nurse  
Being not too guilty of changing Cole for a worse ;  
And dash'd all Hopes of being restor'd again  
To each, from which so long unjust detain'd :  
In a Bishop's Breast 'twould not sit easy at all,  
To rob Saint *Peter*, for to pay Saint *Paul*.

Hav'ng jobb'd that Jobb for good Behoof o'th' Crown,  
Her next Concern immediate was her own ;  
Three diff'rent Parties struggling under her Eye,  
Her Reign being yet in dangerous Infancy,  
The Papists, Gosp'lers, and the flying Squadron ;  
To shew herself a tender spiritual Matron,  
The last of these being much the bulkier Party,  
Who appear'd to each the other (top-most) hearty ;  
She both Religions blended (fly) together,  
Th' best Expedient to hold out Wind and Weather.

In sacred Worship Organ's us'd again,  
Deem'd superstitious in her Brother's Reign ;  
Ceremonials decent in their Order rang'd,  
All in her † Brother's Litany expung'd :  
Which gave our antient Mother great Offence,  
Shew'ng Rudeness more than Char'ty or good Sense ;  
Their Prayer in vulgar Tongue (something reform'd)  
Not knowing what 'twas before they were so charm'd,  
The Priests in usual Habits all be adorn'd :  
Papists and Gosp'lers, Higly-pigly together,  
Went all to Church, not knowing one from t'other.

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† See King *Edward's* Litany ; particularly that Clause, " From the Tyranny and abominable Idolatry of the Bishop of *Rome*, good Lord Deliver us.



Mean while, that each these Sorts might think her  
 And as she just alike desir'd their Prayers, (theirs,  
 Whilst Loads of Wooden Christs were burnt at || *de Acre*,  
 She ador'd a Gold one, on her Chapel Altar.

As soon's this medley Story came to *Rome*,  
 And th' Pope had sent to's Bearns in gross their Doom,  
 'Twould make an Anch'ress Ninety Years old to laugh,  
 To see how soon th' Wheat shuffl'd off from Chaff;  
 Her genuine Sons turn'd all a Head together,  
 To due Devoir, and left their Foster-Mother.

His Holiness, in convenient Distance after,  
 Casting his Eyes on this Apostate Daughter,  
 Sent Emmissaries o'er, with great Success,  
 Chiefly in ¶ *Oxford*, and that Diocess;  
 Where Learning and Politeness pav'd the Way,  
 Saint *Peter's* Fishers caught a noble Prey.

The Queen, acquainted with this great Elepe,  
 This shifting Faith from her t' her Rival Pope;  
 The Laws against the Old Religion arm'd,  
 And with this rife Defection greatly alarm'd,  
 With Jayls and Confiscations they're acquainted,  
 Their Priests, like Partridge, o'er the Mountains hunted;  
 The truly ordain'd, anointed of the Lord's,  
 For pious Zeal, were hang'd, like Dogs, in Cords:  
 Fowls of the Air prey'd upon their Quarters,  
 Whilst by the Church they were canoniz'd for Martyrs.

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|| Now *Mercers-Chapel*, *Cheapside*, then a Church to *St. Thomas de Acre*, See  
*Stripe's Life of Grindal*, p. 25.

¶ See *Stripe*, as before.

Thus having check'd the antient Church her Growth,  
 And Danger vanishing from *South* and *North*,  
 The *Calledonians* riotous Reformation  
 Obstructing that Queen's Claim to th' *English* Nation,  
 Our *New Religious* Quar'lings daily encrease,  
 About their Way to serve the Prince of Peace ;  
 The Seeds of Schism at *Frankfort* sown between 'em,  
 All o'er the Land, might now be seen the Spring o'm ;  
 Some for their Hierarchy, a Castle in the Air,  
 Others Presbytery, and purer Form of Prayer ;  
 Too pure to jant the common Road to Heav'n,  
 For which the odious Puritan Name was giv'n ;  
 The former being th' establish'd Constitution,  
 Engross'd the flying Squadron o'er the Nation ;  
 The latter's Faith and Spirit, self-same Guise,  
 With those call'd *Martyrs* in Queen *Mary's* Days ;  
 \* Which thick-skull'd Moams, before the *Reformation*,  
 Had in their Brains indelible Impression,  
 That Presbyter with Bishops both the same,  
 Their Order equal, tho' of diff'rent Name ;  
 No lording Prelates in th' Apostles Age,  
 O'er those who took of Chrilt his Flock the Charge ;  
 And they *Alone*, the Apostle's true Successors,  
 Who w're of their Faith and Verity, true Professors :  
 From which, with Errors more, they'd not be turn'd,  
 And, as they justly deserv'd, were justly burn'd.

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\* See *Bradford's*, and other learned Martyrs Dispute with the Popish Doctors.  
*Fox's Acts and Monuments.*

Thus

Thus many Doatards threw away their Lives,  
Their squeamish Followers in their Scruples thrives.

From *Romish* Side, all Dangers being quash'd,  
Far greater ones from these, the Church infest :  
First twenty Years, the Queen the Scepter wicl'd,  
The Reins of Disc'pline were remissly held ;  
Archbishop *Grindal*, in Exile with th' rest,  
Of foreign Worship got so deep a Gust,  
That Priestly Habits lay by most rejected,  
And Worship uniform long time neglected,  
Each pick'd and chose, as he stood best affected :  
† Priests and Mechanicks, licens'd one with t'other,  
Some unordain'd, preach'd fifteen Years together :  
Sir *Taverner*, High-Sheriff of *Oxfordshire*,  
Was forc'd the Assize in Pulpit to appear ;  
\* From *Mary's* Mount, (was Learning e'er so lurcht ? )  
To throw some Scarle to Chickens of the Church ;  
And when our Nations Hen, our sov'reign Mother,  
Thought fit to cluck her Brood in form together,  
And with her Female Zeal Injunctions preiss,  
Her Grindalizing Bishops hung an arse ;  
‖ *Scotch* Preachers licens'd some ; unreordain'd  
With high Encomiums on that Church, (not *Bland* ;) }  
But ours, alas ! we must confess no Holier,  
'Twas like to like, as the Devil told the Collier.

H 2

¶ The

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† *Stripe's* Life of *Grindal*.      ‖ *Fuller's Church History*.

\* A License granted by Dr. *Aubury* to *John Morrison*, a *Scotch* Minister ; CUM  
TU PRÆFATUS JOHANNIS MORRISON, &c. In *English* thus, " Since you, the  
" afore said *John Morrison* (a *Scotchman*) about Five Years past, in the Town  
" of *Gravet*, in the County of *Lanibain*, in the Kingdom of *Scotland*,  
" were



¶ The *Temple-Church* of course, the great Resort,  
Of Quality 'nd Gent'ry, the politer Sort  
Her Pulpit was, alas ! too long the Stage  
Of th' two *Opposing* Oracles of the Age ;  
*Hooker* Espous'd the establish'd Discipline,  
And *Travers* patroniz'd the Puritan Scheme.  
What one in Morning preach'd o' polemick kind ;  
In Afternoon, the other undermin'd.

This Ecclesiastick Justing drill'd along,  
Till th' Temple Church became a Quality Throng.  
Tho' *Hooker's* Judgment was the most profound,  
(Sequacious Minds being influenc'd most by sound)  
With charming Eloquence *Traver's* Tongue full fraught,  
Before remov'd, the noble Throng was caught.

---

“ were admitted and Ordained into Holy Orders, and the Sacred Ministry  
“ by the Imposition of Hands, according to the laudable Form and Right  
“ of the Reformed Church of *Scotland* : And since the Congregation of that  
“ County of *Louthain* is conformable to the Orthodox Faith and Sincere  
“ Religion, now received and professed in this Realm of *England*, and e-  
“ stablished by publick Authority : We therefore, as much as in us lieth,  
“ and as by Right we may, Approving and Ratifying the Form of your  
“ Ordination and Preferment, [*praefectionis*] done in such Manner aforesaid,  
“ Grant to you a License and Faculty, with the Consent and exprefs Com-  
“ mand of the most Reverend Father in Christ, *Edmund*, by Divine Provi-  
“ dence Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*, to us signified, That in such Orders  
“ by you taken, you may and have Power, in any convenient Place, in and  
“ throughout the whole Province of *Canterbury*, to celebrate Divine Offices,  
“ to minister the Sacraments, &c. as much as in us lieth, and we may *de Jure*,  
“ and as far as the Laws of this Kingdom doth allow.”

This License was granted by Dr. *Aubery*, the Archbishop's Vicar-  
general, April 6. 1581. [*Strype's Life of Grindal*. p. 271.

¶ *Fuller and Collier's Church History*, p. 633.

The

The Infection in our great Metropolis reign'd,  
From whence it spread it self all o're the Land :  
Which in succeeding Age ( O Cruel Fate! )  
Prov'd utter Overthrow of Church and state :  
Beside the Course of each revolving Moon,  
A Sect engender'd (e'er that Age) unknown.

The Papists crush'd, and having none but these,  
To interrupt her new-made Church's Ease:  
(a) Tho' Popery 'twas thought had glib gone down, }  
Had it but squar'd her Title to the Crown, }  
(She rather than Elop'd, from *Rome* was thrown) }  
Affecting always Pomp in her Religion,  
'Twixt *Rome* and Us, she rode the very Ridge — on.  
She always bore to Puritans warm Aversion,  
Who through the Bishops Luke-warm Prosecution, }  
Had almost all o'm Churches in Possession: }  
Well knowing such In-mates Harbour'd in her Church,  
Might taint her Bearn, and leave her in the Lurch :  
Resolv'd to abandon all Compassion tender,  
And shew 'em the Wrath of a Female Faith-Defender.

Arch-Bishop *Grindal's* Prophecies ordain'd,  
T' improve the Clergy's Knowledge through the Land :

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(a) Witness her retaining the Crucifix on her Altar, until broken by *Patch* the Fool, through the Means of Sir *Francis Knowles*, her near Kinsman, notwithstanding the zealous Letter of *Peter Martyr* against it, through the Means of our Divines, themselves not daring to be so free with her. [*Stripe's* Life of *Grindal*.] And the great Difficulty both our own and many foreign Divines labour'd under to prevail on her to lay by the use of them in Churches, laying before her all the weighty Arguments in writing, pressing her to refer the Thing to a Synod of Bishops and other Divines; yet was she, with great Difficulty, prevail'd on to lay them aside. [*Burnet's Hist. Abr.* p. 358.]

Which

Which she already thought had got too much,  
 To keep in due Devoir t' a Woman's Church.  
 By Ecclesiastick Pow'r lodg'd in her Crown,  
 She sent her Royal Command to put them down.  
 The Prelate durst not yield for Conscience tender,  
 (b) But sent a Sermon to his Faith-Defender.

Her Holiness thought this Church was her own ma.  
 And sure to gov'n it, cou'd not be mistaken. (king,  
 Suspends the old Arch-Prelate out of hand,  
 Supress'd the Prophecies by her strait Command,  
 Which sat so heavy on his Grace's Mind,  
 His Carcass soon his puritan Soul resign'd.

*Whitgift* succeeds, had he due Consecration,  
 W's a Prelate worthy th' *English Church and Nation*.  
 A Soul so exactly quadrat with the Queen,  
 [Which] was the Spiritual Head, was rarely seen.  
 Their Zeal 'gainst *Puritans* did *Spontaneous* stand,  
 Her Soul being his, was always before-hand;  
 And bravely scorn'd Injunctions or Command.

(c) His Grace exactly knew the true Dimensions,  
 The breadth, and depth, and length of a *Puritan Conscience*;  
 And subtile Art'cles for Subscription fram'd,  
 With Interog'raties, could not be palm'd;  
 Inquisitor-like will make each Conscience quave,  
 And either turn a Seperatist or Knave.

Petitions came to Council from each Quarter,  
 Proceedings sharp they press his Grace to alter;

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(b) *Stripe's Life of Grindal*, Appendix of Originals, p. 74. and *Fuller's Ch. Hist.*

(c) *Fuller's Church History*.



Hestout, refus'd, knowing whom he'd got to back him,  
His Mistress spit in's Mouth, and gently stroak him.  
Her they Address, her Graces Zeal to cool,  
She's mute, and fate as still's a Cat at Stool;  
Such potent Fautors rais'd her Jealousy higher,  
And to her Resolutions, gave new Fire.

Since she to make a *Church* took so much Pains,  
And have't despis'd, she took't in highest disdain,  
If 't were a *Church* thought good enough for a Queen,  
Must Subjects at it Carp with haughty Mein?

\*The Puritans were discharg'd their Cures, by th' Score,  
Some hang'd for slandering her despotick Pow'r.

Her *Church* Foundation now's made very good,  
Built on both *Puritan* and *Papist* Blood:

And with the Blood of *Scotland's* Queen cemented,  
Which on the State to rest, being not contented,  
She join'd her Metropolitan in Commission,  
For specious Cause of Death, makes Inquisition:  
Whose natural Subjects general Defection,  
To *England* forc'd her, for our Queens Protection.

The unhappy Exile, thus in her Possession,  
Was Pris'ner seventeen Years for this Transgression;  
Her Quart'ring th' *English* Arms in her Escutcheon,  
And making *Norfolk's* Duke something too much on:  
The Independant Queen's convicted for't,  
To Death was Sentenc'd in *Star Chamber* Court;  
Where † *Dar'son's* fin'd Ten Thousand Pound, off hand,  
For carrying the *Dead Warrant*, b' the *Queens* Command.

\* *Udal*, *Thacker*, and others.

† Queen *Elizabeth*, to cast off the Odium of the *Scots* Queens Death from herself, after she had sign'd the *Dead Warrant*, and sent it by *Dar'son*,  
sent

O thou most *holy, holy, holy* Religion !  
 How t' crown'd Heads thou'rt made a Tooly-Widgeon !  
 One lost her Crown for the Old (tho' faulty) true one,  
 Th' other gain'd hers, by making of a new one.

Thus having drawn her Church into the Mud,  
 T' Embrew her Hands in th' Lord's anointed Blood :  
 Learnt *Puritans* the Way, who in next Age,  
 Acts the same *Tragedy*, on publick Stage :  
 Her haughty Soul t' the World gave humble curch,  
 Slipt Shell, and left her Carcass in the Lurch.

|| Of this Elope the Northern King appriz'd,  
 'The Faith-Defender comes, but halt baptis'd ;  
 A Christian made without being Exorcis'd ?  
 Forbade by 's squeamish Mother, in good sooth,  
 No Pockey Priests must Spit in her Child's Mouth.

The foul and unclean Spirit with which h' was born,  
 Made frequent bold, his Breeches to adorn :  
 With Furmiture not quite so sweet as *Cow-shorn*.

\* The Anti-suppers then brought up in Vogue,  
 Vast Sums the Treasury forc'd to disembogue,  
 A Thousand Pound each Night, was no strange thing,  
 For an Army of Courtiers, and *Luxurious* King ;  
 When one alone whilst th' Musick play'd a round,  
 Cou'd swallow a Pye which cost (at least) Ten Pound.

sent after him to recall her Warrant, when 'twas too late, then caus'd him  
 to be fin'd Ten Thousand Pound (in the *Star-Chamber Court*) for making so  
 much haste. [See her *Annals*.]

|| King *James I.*

\* See *Osburn's Memoirs* on the Life of King *James I.* of these Anti-Suppers.

The

The choicest Viand Sea or Land afford,  
 In num'rous Courses loads the Royal Board :  
 As high 's the tall'st of Men could reach from Ground,  
 The vil'st of which must cost ten shillings a Pound,  
 Musk, Magisterial of Pearl was deem'd no Cost,  
 Their Nick-knacks all profusely b' Amber greas'd ;  
 (And the richest things corrupt becoming worst.)

The Royal Palace stunk each Morn like *Hell*,  
 And some like *Satyrs* fled from their own Smell ;  
 On uncouth gambling Gay's there set a-gog,  
 Whilst Rural Swains were playing at Hop-frog.

No *Church* Affairs in's Reign afforded Sport,  
 But scolding *Puritans* at *Hampton Court* ;  
 And planting Bishops in his Native Soil ?  
 Our new-made Sort, which made *Scots* Stomachs boil ;  
 That nothing could Atoneiment make for th' Thing ?  
 But their obliging us with such a King.

*Quondam* || *Ill mumble Mass* had all his Heart,  
 In all the *Church's* Quarrels he took her Part ;  
 She wore the Lawrel all his peaceful Reign,  
 And *Puritans* by Shoals took o're the Main.

With Bishops, Lords, and Commons he once stood fair  
 To be all blown up with their Castle in the Air ;  
 More Zealous far for † *Cecil's* Holy-day,  
 A Countermine which deep as *Tophet* lay ;

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† Il So King *James* was wont to call the *Common-Prayer*, before he came to the *English* Throne.

† See *Osburn's* Memoirs, as above, especially the Hints he gives, that *Cecil* was the first secret Spring which moved, in drawing in those desperate Men into that Plot. A neat Device, as he calls it, of the Treasurer, to fetch in the Lord *Morley*, a Papist, to whom the dark Letter was sent, and by him carried to the King, to whose Estate, or Person, or both, he had an Eye and Quarrel : And also being known to be in the Bottom of the Discovery, (tho' the King had publickly the Name,) to recover the Love of the People, forfeited by the Hate he had express'd to their Darling *Essex*.



To raise for *Essex* Death his sinking Glory,  
 Than *Scotland's Kirk*, for 'escaping the Hands of *Gowry*.<sup>\*</sup>  
 Feasting and Dancing were his great'st Concern,  
 Till 's Soul danc'd off, never, never more to return :  
 Blaspheming Nature for her Want of Will,  
 T' immortalize him, or her want of Skill.  
 But th' Rising Sun did so the World surprize,  
 And's growing Court, drawing Tears from's Father's  
 Eyes;  
 He's call'd for, lest they too much shou'd adore him,  
 To keep his Court in t' other World before him.

A dismal Scene now ope's (stupendious Fate,)  
 Which ends in Overthrow of *Church and State* !

'Tis a *Postulata* with our *Church's* Son's,  
 As plain before's, that he may read who runs ;  
 Those Souls forlorn by th' unordain'd baptiz'd :  
 Their Baptism's null ; *Aliens* in *Christian* Guise.

Our late great *Dodærell's* Judgment most profound,  
 Which with our learned Churchmen gains such Ground,

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\* Altho' the Account published in Print by the King's Order, murder'd the Credit of the Earl of *Gowry's* Conspiracy, with all wise Men whatsoever ; and by the *Scots*, at Home and Abroad, was laugh'd at : So that when by the King's Command the same Day, the Ministers of *Edinburgh* were ordered to repair to the Churches, and give GOD Thanks for his great Deliverance ; they all refused it, alledging their Dissatisfaction in the Matter ; whatsoever was not of Faith being Sin, until threatened with Imprisonment and Death by the Council ; which made some of them Hypocrites, and the other run away : but our obedient Church knowing it their Duty to believe what our Kings say, and obey their Commands, on his Accession to the *English* Throne, devoutly celebrated it all his Reign. [See *Osburn's* Memoirs on King *James* 1<sup>st</sup>'s Reign, and this whole Tragical Story, in *Collier's Church History*, Vol. 2 .

\* Was stanch for Soul's *Mortality by Nature* ;  
But made, by *Baptism*, an *Immortal Creature* :  
Perform'd by a Priest, ordain'd by a *Bishop's Hand*,  
Else in it's nat'ral mortal State must stand.

Let that be right or wrong, we'll not contend,  
But this we are sure, a \*Prince the Throne ascends !  
Whose Birth unhallowed *Scotland* first appriz'd ;  
And by a Quack *Dumferling Priest* baptiz'd.

Oh ! had that Office rightly been perform'd,  
He truly with the *Christian Name* adorn'd :  
His Soul superior made to a *Hodmandod*,  
Or brought within the Cov'nant Mercy of God ;  
He'd been as great and glorious a *Faith-defender*,  
As was e're conceiv'd, or born o' th' Female gender.  
By natural Instinct, *Puritans* he abhorr'd,  
But the *Reverend*, and right *Reverend*, he ador'd.  
Born for Law-giver, tho' in Counsel feeble,  
A second *Moses*, but some ways unstable.

*Moses* the Man of God, Law-giver in Truth,  
Was God to *Aaron*, *Aaron* was his Mouth ;  
Our *Moses*, tho' of Speech uncircumcis'd,  
A second (b) *Aaron Heaven* for him had rais'd.  
Who being exalted Priest, of highest Degree,  
Was God t' 's King, his King a Mouth for he.

The *Behest Divine*, *Hell gates* shall not prevail,  
Against *Christ's Church*, the Priest-hood ne're can fail.  
But in some Vein o' th' *Church* 't hath always been,  
Tho' we cant trace it to its Origin.

\* King Charles I.

(b) Archbishop Laud.

But from *Rome's* part we've no great Cause to fear,  
 But a private *Pall* from thence restor'd it heer ;  
 Or a *Cardinal's Cap*, for's Grace had been a Jeer.

And if what e're is not of Faith, is Sin,  
 Can't Faith make that to be which hath not been?  
 By Faith, from that very Hour we will believe,  
 Our Bishop's lost Succession was retriev'd.

And let no unbelieving Churle squeak,  
 If where the Historian fails, the Prophet speaks.

This ductile King's Obedience was so tender,  
 Content alone with th' Name of *Faith-defender*.

(c) His *Ecclesiastick* Power he wholly resign'd,  
 To be employ'd to's *Spiritual Sovereign's* Mind.  
 And tho' he kept the Title of *Church's* Head,  
 That Sacraligious Statute lay for dead.

If Nature in this King did so far run,  
 Oh ! what would Grace conferr'd by Baptism done !  
 Had they but had their Ante-types Success,  
 They'd led this *Church* clear thro' th' Wilderness.

This Rev'rend *Pa* had innate warm Aversion  
 To Laymens dabb'ling in Church-Reformation.

*Sherwell*, a warm Recorder of *New Sarum*,  
 Not so devout, but oft observ'd before him

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(c) See the 6th Article of the House of Commons, exhibited to the Lords, in their Charge of High-Treason, part of which is in these Words, " He hath  
 " traiterously assumed to himself a Papal and Tyrannical Power, both in Ec-  
 " clestiaſtical and Temporal Matters, over his Majesty's Subjects, to the Dis-  
 " honour of the Crown, Dishonour of his Majesty, and derogatory of his  
 " Supreme, Ecclesiastical Authority ; claiming the King's Ecclesiastical Juris-  
 " diction, as incident to his Arch-episcopal Office in this Kingdom, denying its  
 " Derivation from the Crown, &c.



An antient Woman walking thro' the Church,  
 She turn'd t' a certain Window, and gave a Curch;  
 He cast his Eyes about, the Cause to gather,  
 Espies (in Glafs) a painted *God the Father*.  
 The Service done, a Vestry's forthwith call'd,  
 No long Debate, but soon (forsooth) resolv'd  
 Instantiously it ought to be defac'd,  
 And in its room plain Glafs to be re-plac'd.

The warm Recorder, with his Puritan Zeal,  
 Thought strait all Idols ought be sent to the De'l;  
 With the end of's Cane he dash'd it all to Shivers,  
 And threw the Pieces (all) into the Rivers.

An Information's sent t' his Grace with speed,  
 Who, inflam'd with Zeal, at this *Sacraligious Deed*;  
 Th' Recorder summon'd to *Star-Chamber-Court*,  
 Severely shrent for th' impious, bold Effort;  
 And having there some time danc'd *Sellinger's-Round*,  
 Was favour'd with a Fine, a *Thousand Pound*.

*Leighton*, Blasphemer of the Hierarchy,  
 The Angels of the Church of God most high,  
 There sentenc'd to be branded, stigmatiz'd,  
 His *Nose* be slit, his *Ears* t' be circumcis'd:  
 On Sentence read, his Grace's Heart was rais'd,  
 He pull'd off's Cap, 'nd devoutly gave God Praise.

For like Transgression *Burton*, *Prinn*, and *Bastwick*,  
 A *Physician*, *Lawyer*, and an *Ecclesiastick*  
 Were branded, cropp'd, but *Noses* 'scap'd the *Knife*,  
 To smell the Stink of a *Dungeon* all their *Life*.

These wholsom S'verities serv'd to keep in Awe  
 The *Puritan Teachers*, and the learn'd in *Law*;  
 Well knowing, these *Professions* once struck dumb,  
 Our vulgar *Church-Reformers* would be *mum*.

(a) Judge

(a) Judge *Richardson*, in's Circuit to the *West*,  
 By *Quality* and *Gentry* being at *Bench* address'd,  
 Shewing forth the ill Effects of *Ales* and *Wakes*,  
 Debauching the young *Fry* to *Whores* and *Rakes* ;  
 Requesting's Lordship's Order to invest 'em  
 With full Author'ty forthwith to suppress 'em.  
 To grant the Order, the Judge did forthwith dain,  
 On a Statute made in zealous *Betty's* Reign.

His Grace of this presumptuous *Act* inform'd,  
 Took Boat to Court, his Pupil-Royal alarm'd ;  
 The Judge return'd, was sharply reprimanded,  
 For touching what b'yond his *Purlue* extended.

(b) Clerks, *Ales*, and *Wakes*, or *Feasts of Dedication* }  
 Were *Customs* laudable, of antient *Station* }  
 To cheer good Neighbourhood in this Social Nation. }  
 If loosely they're abus'd, we humbly trust  
 They ought to be reform'd, but not suppress'd ;  
 How dar'd this Judge in Church Affairs embark !  
*Uzza* (no *Levite*) dy'd for touching th' Ark :

This Order to revoke, receiv'd Command  
 From Spiritual Sov'reign's Proxy Mouth, off hand ;

The Puritan Judge next 'size his Order recalls,  
 But 'gainst *Profaining Sabbaths* smartly rail'd ;  
 His Grace and Majesty's Will no more regarded,  
 The cross-grain'd Judge is *shrifted* and *Discarded*.

The *Puritans* rigid *Sabat'narian* Zeal  
 Was thought injurious to the Commonweal ;

---

(a) See the whole Relation in *Fuller's Church History*.

(b) Feasts kept always the Sunday following the Saints-day on which the Church was dedicated.

Church *Holy-Days*, with all the rest laid even  
 With *Superstitious Zeal*, for one in *Seven* :  
 Apprentices, and else, Slaves all the Week,  
 Dar'd not *that Day* (for Sporting) forth to peep.

To stop that Evil, and more the like at home,  
 And creep as near's they mought the *Church of Rome* ;  
 As she hath coercive Power her Laws to make,  
 And Gods to supersede for Order-sake ;  
 Her own made Laws, to raise up ev'n with God's,  
 Or Gods to lower to hers, being no great Odds :  
 His Grace by Virtue of spiritual high Vocation,  
 He bids the King put forth his Proclamation  
 For *Sports and Games on Sabbaths*, notwithstanding  
 All Laws contrary, 'f God's or Man's commanding ;  
 But those who serv'd not God the *establis'd Fashion*,  
 Was not to *share* this gracious Proclamation ;  
 Which pious Craft lur'd most the looser Sort,  
 To serve the Lord in Morn, for *Evening Sport*.  
 Strict Orders on this Proclamation attended  
 In Churches to be read, when Service ended,  
 All disobedient Sons forthwith suspended. }

'Twas better Physick than a Jaunt to th' *Span*,  
 To see the Workings of a Puritan Maw ;  
 Each Conscience rack'd and twisted, every Size  
 That Int'rest cou'd invent, or Art devise,  
 Point-blank refus'd by some ; forthwith suspended,  
 And some obey'd, but poorly Matters mended ;  
 No sooner flubber'd our the Proclamation,  
 But preach'd against the *Sabbath's Profanation* ;  
 And others did not *Shill-I Shall-I*, stand,  
 But just obey'd, and read the Fourth Command ;

And



And told them to their Choice they left the thing  
 T' obey their God, or Bishop, and their King:  
 But on the whole it had this blest Effect,  
 To clear the Church, a Shoal of th' Puritan Sect.

(a) A Knot of *London* Citts, the wealthier Sort,  
 With Gentry and Quality, the sublimer Port,  
 Had form'd themselves to a sort of Corporation,  
 Engrossing all o're Lay-Impropriations.  
 The Profits thence arising to augment  
 Small Spiritualities, where they thought most want;  
 And Lectures rais'd, to make Divine Food plenty,  
 Where Gospel Ministers (forsooth) were Scanty:  
 'Twas Legal carry'd on, smooth, free, unforc'd,  
 Twelve Fœfees chose to bear this weighty Trust.  
 Four wealthy Citts, four Lawyers, and four Divines,  
 A prudent Choice for such a Crank Design.

Incredible the Summs by Bounty rais'd,  
 Which with the Product of the Brass-Works 'prais'd.  
 'Twas thought in Fifty Years they'd had in hand,  
 All Lay Impropriations in the Land.

† This Brazen Project carry'd a specious Face,  
 But our Church Guardian smelt a Snake in th' Grass:  
 To which he always bore a jealous Eye,  
 As what might prove a Thorn to Prelacy.  
 Those thus preferr'd, being all of *Puritan* Stamp,  
 He waits for a specious Cause to give 't a Cramp.

The Fœfees fixing a Lecture at *Antholines*,  
 Within the City of *London* its Confines,  
 Already too much gorg'd with such Divines.

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(a) *Fuller's Church History.*

† 'Twas called the Copper-mine Project. [See *Fuller's Church History.*

His Grace Commands Attorney *Noy* (rare Sport,) To bring this Thing into Exchequer Court.

Defendants plead this Fund their own Donation,  
They justly might enjoy themselves a Portion :  
But after *Pro* and *Con*, a long Debate,  
His Grace, and 's Majesty resolv'd to hav't.  
'Twas judg'd in Court, of *Trust*, a wry abuse,  
Forfeit and seized for th' King's own use.  
Huge Booty in these Trustees Hands appears,  
Who had nothing now to do but scratch their Ears.  
The frankest Treasure e're the King posselt,  
None came from's Parliament but by Address,  
And always tack't to a Popular Behest.

These wholsome S'vereties, having stopt Career,  
Of lay Reformer and lew'd Pa'mpheteer.  
With taking Gospel-spreaders Funds and Lands,  
And the care of all the Churches of their Hands.  
Some decent Things by old Reformers abolish'd,  
His Grace resolv'd t' restore, the Church to polish.

The Communion Table's for an Altar chang'd,  
In Chancil plac'd with Rails at distance rang'd;  
That none but those ordained of the Lord,  
Might dare Approach to near the sacred Board.  
More worthy sacred Bread to Mamock and Paw,  
Like Tavern Cake (with reverence spoke, and awe,) }  
Than a Layick, on's Knees, to take't into his Maw.  
|| This handsome Change cost many a furious Squabble,  
A Spirit inflexible possess'd the Rabble.

To this most sacred Board no rev'rend Bow,  
For almost Four-score Years, was paid till now.

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|| See the *Commons* Articles of Impeachment against Judge *Berkley*.

No Bow to *Jesus* Name, no *Eastern* Nod,  
Till's Grace restor'd that Service to his God.

The Church of \* *Katherine* Creed its Consecration,  
With's Grace's eucharistick Celebration  
Was aim'd a Mode for General Observation. }

With proper Train, he approach'd the Church *West-end*,  
Lifts up his Voice, pours forth Divine Command.  
Fly ope *Eternal Gates* to entertain

*The King of Glory*, he comes with's shining Train.

The *Sacra*stan within flings ope' the Door,  
He enters in, falls prostrate on the Floor:  
Breaths forth to's God from Pavement of the Dome,  
Thy time to favour *Zion*, the set time's come.  
Thy Servant in the Stones take boundless Pleasure,  
And favour the Dust thereof as sacred Treasure.

Attendants raise him up from licking Dust,  
By sacred Impulse, fill'd with sacred Lust.  
All o're the Church they make Preambulation  
Drawing Blessings down; sends up Ejaculations,  
'Till neither Pin nor Nail scap'd Consecration. }

The Church thus wholly fill'd with God most high,  
Lest might be deem'd a Consecration dry,  
With numerous Congees th' Altar he approach'd,  
Too sacred now for common Hands to touch.  
At decent Distance on *North End* he stands,  
With elevated Eyes, erected Hands.

The Bread and Wine by Virtue of powerful Word,  
Being chang'd to a Sacrifice unto the Lord.  
Drew back with Reverence, stood in awful Pause;  
With Reverence renew'd, to th' Altar draws;

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\* See the Archbishop's Trial, publish'd by Mr. *Prinn*.



Lifts up the Corporal Spies the great Oblation,  
Starts back surpriz'd at wondrous Alteration :  
Three Genuflections made his reproach,  
Remov'd the Corporal, gave the sacred Touch.

With like Devoir the Callice he address'd,  
Just lifts the Cover, peeps, starts back agahst :  
With awful Reverence struck, and holy Fear,  
Each Step a Congee, humbly drawing near :  
Lays ope the Cover with Reverence profound,  
To his Maker's Blood bows seven times to Ground.

On th' sacred Victim all devoutly feast,  
And Joy sublime fills every sacred Breast.  
Each to the Altar gave familiar Nod,  
And gently for that time took's Leave of's God.

The Church is thus thro' Desert led by th' Hand,  
Until she came in View o'th' Holy Land ;  
And had his Grace gone on as he begun,  
She'd been the sprucest Church in *Christendom* :  
Nor *Bess*, nor *Pope*, nor (a) *Fox*; nor (b) *Knipperdolen*,  
Nor *Cranmer*, *Redly*, *Eurastius*, *Luther*, *Calvin* ;  
Nor (c) *Peter*, *Paul*, with Sons of *Zebedee* ;  
There's none o'm all could make a Church like he.  
His Grace resolv'd he'd make one of his own,  
And blest *Britannia* must have his, or none.  
But, alas ! the Child'ren come almost to Birth,  
She strove, but Strength she wanted to bring forth ;  
Alas ! a-well-a-day, it was her Fate,  
His Grace dipt's Hands too deep in Things of State ;

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(a) The great Apostle and Leader of the *Quakers*.

(b) The Leader in chief of the *Anabaptists* in *Germany*.

(c) Who wrote all the Epistles, except *Jude*, in the *New Testament*.

Which rais'd in Lords and Commons such Indignation,  
 Their Blood being set on highest Fermentation ;  
 Not only those, the hot-spur'd Puritan-Party,  
 But ev'n some in *Zion's* Interest hearty,  
 That Hearts must bleed with pious Zeal inflam'd,  
 To see the Angels of the Church so 'sham'd.  
 'Twas common grown for Lay-Lords to affront  
 The Reverend Prelates, going to Parliament.  
 Justing them off, the Way to take the Hand,  
 And proudly strut before the sacred Band.

The Bishops, their Precedence to assert,  
 Thro' Sacrilege attack'd, were something pert.  
 Would smartly set the better Leg before,  
 But, clutter'd with their Gowns, were forc'd to lore.

Th' Archbishop with Redundant Zeal inflam'd,  
 To make the Kirk with the *English* Church the same,  
 Obtain'd from's Royal Pupil strict Command,  
 The *English* Liturgy by him reform'd.  
 From some things Calvinistical unlos'd,  
 On sturdy *Caledonians* to be impos'd.

No sooner did the Reverend Dean appear,  
 In *Edinburgh* Dome, and 's Voice to rear,  
 But a Brawny Jade Responds with a Stool in's Face,  
*Avaunt faus Thief, foul Beast, thou void of Grace,*  
*Say'st thou ill mumbled Mass, Christ Kirk among ?*  
*The foul Fiend Click, thy Babilonish Tongue,*  
*Back'd by a general hideous Noise and Roar,*  
*De'll split the Wem, Lungs, Crag oth' Scarlet Whore,*  
*And follow'd with a Shower of Sticks and Stools,*  
*Which made both Dean and Bishop look like Fools.*

The Dean just ready to be made Hawks Meat,  
 Half Planet-struck, abruptly made Retreat ;

And narrowly 'scaping *Tweed* with all his Quarters :  
Resolv'd he'd ne're go more on catching *Tartars*.

This high Contempt of Authority and Affront,  
Both Sovereign Powers could not but high resent.

The King his Parli'ment press to grant Supply,  
To avenge so vile Affront on Majesty.

But alas ! It being the Quarrel of the Church,  
The *Puritan* Parliament left him in the Lurch.

The Bishops tax the Priests with much Discord,  
And give that Purse for Service of the Lord.

An Army's rais'd, sent off in full Career,  
Near *York* the *Caledonians*, they appear.

They met, they quarle, with Zeal for th' Church they burn  
But alas ! their Weapons, the wrong sort return.

Not crown'd with Victory, but Scoffs and Jeers,  
The Churches Arms being only Pray'rs and Tears.

These were but Preludes to that direful Scene.  
Which soon appear'd, the Curtain soon being drawn.

The Bishops from the House of Peers are voted,  
Their Metropolitan to the Tow'r committed.

Not taken in Mercy off from Ill to come,  
But kept three Years before he knew his Doom.

Until he saw his dearest Mother dead,  
Then sacralegiously bereft of 's Head :

The Church on ev'ry Side was sorely prest,  
With Dangers all around, in great Distress.

Her *quondam* Lovers most o'm stand aloof,  
To help in *Time of Need*, ne'er stirr'd a Hoof ;

So Rats, by Instinct, quit a *falling House*,  
And th' dying *Beggar's* left by every Louse.

Her Temporal Head and Sov'reign takes the Field,  
In's own most sacred Person, he's her Shield ;



*Wars, Blood and Slaughter* ring in ev'ry Place,  
And Wounds and Scars almost in ev'ry Face.

But th' various *Turns* of War decreed by Fate,  
'Tis equal to *Resist*, as to *Create* ;

For tho' the Church with spiritual Arms and Faſts,  
And Sword in Hand, full Four Years Militant paſt,  
Her Foes went off triumphant at the laſt.

From Place to Place our Faith-Defender fled,  
*The Son of Man had not to lay his Head :*

The *Hierarchy*, for which he ſtak'd his Crown,  
By *Parliamentary Ord'nance*, tumbled down :

'Th' anointed of the Lord, our Noſtrils Breath,  
Beneath whoſe Wings, we bid Deſiance to Death ;

And ſaid, *among the Heathens we ſhould live*,  
Was taken in *their Nets*, and no *Retrieve* ;

Arraign'd, condemn'd by Slaves, O cruel Fate !

*Bereft of's ſacred Blood at's Palace-Gate :*

Which *direful Act*, unheard of *Wickedneſs*,

*Language* affords not *Words* for to expreſs :

By Rev'rend Dr. S——s, in's mournful Lays,

On one of's gloomy *Anniversary Days*,

A *Tragedy* made Parallel, when compar'd

With *Crucifixion* of our dying Lord ;

And was, quoth he, *exceeded in this Thing*,

*Chriſt, Son to a Carpenter, He t' a King :*

Or, that on Chriſt his Death the Church was founded,

But on this Royal Victim ours wounded ;

On whom (*tho' Chriſtian Baptiſm wa'nt conferr'd*)

But leſt t' uncov'nant Mercy of the Lord.

Yet, *ſince the Militant Church hath made him a Martyr*,

No doubt but th' Church Triumphant gave him Quarter.

Thus fell this King, unparallel'd, and in him,  
The Glory of the *Britiſh Diadem* :

For *absolute Pow'r*, inflexible by Nature,  
 But *ductile* and *sequacious* to the Mitre:  
 Who, like true Lovers, went on Hand in Hand,  
 Till the Voice of either was not heard i'th' Land;  
 Whose Royal Palace, in succeeding Age,  
 Attack'd by the devouring El'ment's Rage,  
 The *British* Genius hover'd o'er the same,  
 Fanning his Wings, to cheer the lab'ring Flame:  
 Resolv'd those Hoves of Luxury and Pride,  
 With darker Crimes, rise then, where Monarchs bide;  
*Oppression, wreaking Lust*, with both the *Genders*,  
 Should be reduc'd t' a Heap of Stones and Cinders:  
 Since for our Martyr's Ruin these laid the Train,  
 Not Crimes of's own, (besure) but former Reign.  
 The Flames approaching near the Banquet-pile,  
 Our Genius lays Command the Flames recoil;  
 Leaves *that* a Monument to future Age,  
 For that *Great Victim* on a publick Stage:  
 The high'st Example since the World begun,  
 Of Justice bold, like that of God's own Son,  
 Save *that* for th' World's Transgressions, *this* for's own.

A Heart must bleed, that pious Zeal hath fir'd,  
 To see the Spouse of Christ, but lately attir'd,  
 Like gorgeous Chevalier, so richly 'quipt,  
 Of all her Furbelo's and Philact'ries stript;  
 And all majestick spiritual Reg'men clear'd,  
 How like a *spruceless Roundhead* she appear'd!

Two hundred thousand a Year, the poor Remains  
 Of Church-Lands, to support the pious Train;  
*Bishops and Deans, Arch-Deacons, Canons, Choiristers,*  
*Preceptors, Prebends, Chancellors, Proctors, Apparators;*  
 All useful Columns in th' Temple of Christ,  
 To make the sacred Pile the more august;

The precious Sons of *Zion*, more fine than Gold,  
Like Vessels broke, could not their Water hold.

Those sacred Lands, next Law, her sole Foundation,  
Fell under a rapacious Sequestration,  
To help support *that matchless Usurpation*.

The Church's greatest Prop thus taken down,  
No Marvel the whole Fabrick fell to th' Ground!  
Organs, with which was join'd most sacred Lays,  
Breath'd by the Church, in lofty Strains of Praise;  
Were turn'd to Traps, for catching Mice in Holes,  
And some for catching *subterraneous Moles*.

The *Claval Pow'r* in sacred Consistory,  
To ope and shut th' eternal Gates of Glory;  
Which awful Dread and Profit did afford her,  
Is now usurp'd by a *Parson* and *Lay Elder*:  
A patch'd Assembly serv'd for a *Convocation*,  
And a Lay Committee for a *Visitation*.

The Nuptial Sacramental Vows (so deem'd  
By *Rome*, whose Judgment's not to b' disesteem'd)  
Shewing forth th' Espousals of the Church with Christ,  
Office peculiar always to a Priest,  
Who only hath th' rightful Pow'r to dispense  
And change a Sin to due Benevolence.

These sacred Vows, where sacred Right takes Place,  
Were now profan'd by a Justice of the Peace;  
Which mounts no higher than *legal Dispensation*,  
To live in *Venial Sin* of *Fornication*.

*Probats of Wills*, and all *Administrations*,  
Were swallow'd up at *General Quarter-Sessions*.  
No Altar left to draw divine *Devoir*,  
Nor *Eastern Nod* beheld in th' House of Pray'r:  
No bended Knee to *J E S U S* seen before ye,  
And th' *antient Service* chang'd for a *Directory*.

These



These *nice Reformers*, they had too much *Starch*  
To stoop to one *bright Custom* of the Church ;  
All her *Cominands* unscriptural they despis'd,  
Their Conscience, like their Heads, were circimcis'd.

The Church thus stript (just Cause of Lamentation)  
Of all her antient Rights and Acquisitions,  
Of all her Holy Attire, like Sun beams shorn,  
Stark naked she appear'd, as when she was born !

The Ways to *Zion* mourn no solemn Feast,  
The Church's Holy-days were all suppress'd,  
And Reverend *Paul*'s a Stable made for Beast ;  
No pious Throng to fill her sacred Pews,  
Expos'd to Sale, for a Synagogue to *Jews*.

Sabbaths in *Zion*, 'n which the Sabbath's Lord  
Did Christian License to the Church afford ;  
E'er while, when Service to the Church was ended,  
With *Bowling*, *Dancing*, and *such Sports* attended ;  
Which, with *Religion*, went on, Hand in Hand,  
And charm'd th' voluptuous and sequacious Band :  
When the *Holy of the Lord* became Delight,  
And *Sporting* to *Religion* did invite :

Alas ! these Sabbaths are no more in *Zion* !  
No Sports for Youth, nor th' Old to cast an Eye on !  
A *Jewish*, rigid Strictness, o'er the Nation,  
Had pinn'd them down all Day t' a dull Devotion.  
Blown up to that *Fanatick* Superstition,  
None dar'd the Road but Midwife, or Physician.

The glorious Church, thus laid aside as Lumber,  
What's wanting now in Quality's fill'd with Number ;  
Prolifick Sectaries, in short Time, made  
Religions numerous almost as Trades :  
They try'd, of Governments, each Shape and Size  
The *Army* could invent, or *Rump* devise.

They who had quell'd a great and glorious Sov'reign  
Made *Europe* tremble, 'nd none but God had over'em, }  
Thro' bless'd Decree, they knew not how to govern : }  
But fell to Fractions, thro' Divine Permission,  
Which pav'd the Way for th' glorious Restoration.

As soon's that long'd-for Day began to dawn,  
Our young Men *Visions* saw, our old Men *dream'd* :  
*Hue Feste* dies ! O th' joyful Day !

One Language can't express the Church's Joy.

† The Presbyterian Priests, with their Colegues,  
When at Breda, thro' a crafty, Court-Intrigue,  
The King at's Closet-Pray'r, and they plac'd near him,  
Took Care that they, as well 's his God, might hear him;  
Were wrapt up into sacred Extasy,

As visited with the Day-spring from on high :  
She pass'd twelve Years in horrid Wilderness,  
No Bishop, Priest, nor King, in great Distress

Our Nobles (as th' Moon doth from the Sun)  
Receiving all their Brightness from the Crown,  
Spontaneously reflecting 't back again,  
By which, each other's Lustre they maintain ;  
The *Interregnum's* fatal Interp'sition,  
(A Cause confus'd, stopt all Communication)  
By which *Eclipse*, their Glory look'd forlorn,  
Like *Sol*, thro' Morning Mist, their Beams were shorn.

Our

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† Mr. *Cafe*, with other Ministers and Gentlemen of that Persuasion, being at *Breda*, where the King was, just before the Restoration ; thro' Advice of his Chaplains, the Matter was set for them to hear the King at his private Devotion, and they wereravish'd to hear him pray devoutly to God to continue it in his Heart, notwithstanding all Temptations to the contrary, to keep firm to his Oath to his God, and to the solemn League and Covenant taken at his *Coronation* ; and heartily and sincerely to forgive all *his*, and *his Father's* Enemies.

Our glorious † *Rising Sun*, who, all this while,  
Had spent his lingring Days in sad Exile,  
As soon's he appear', of antient Royal Stem,  
The rightful Heir to *Albion's* Diadem;  
The Cor'net with its antient Splendor shone,  
So long obscur'd, 'twas almost dingy grown:  
The Mitre was restor'd; that's no *strange Thing*;  
'Tis a Maxim o'th' Church, *no Bish'p, no King.*

He came! he came! O *Glorious Restoration!*  
Welcome as *Quails* to th' *Israelitish* Nation!  
As soon's he came on Shoar, full charg'd with Good,  
He took to fill the Realm with *Royal Blood*;  
And next, the Church being near't his Royal Heart,  
Her *Faith-Defender* tries his *King-craft Art*,  
Her Glory to restore in *Statu quo*,  
As f'r which his Father did the Crown forego:  
To quit the *Scot*, for's Crown and Oath, at *Scoon*,  
He church'd them up with *Bishops*, for a Boon.

A Conf'rence in the *Savoy* they appointed,  
A subtile Project of the *Lord's anointed*,  
To feel the Pulse o'th' *Presbyterian* Fools,  
And handsomly reward their being *our Tools*.

The Act for *Uniformity* is fram'd,  
With Terms t' accept they knew they must beasham'd }  
But th' House of Commons being, as yet, untam'd, }  
It hung, 'till th' *Worcester Plot* was brought to Town,  
And then, by *Lords and Commons*, glib went down.

Bless'd *Bartholomew*, may'st thou be ne'er forgot,  
For th' great Deliv'rance for the Church then wrought:  
Two thousand Vacancies that Day was made,  
Not to be fill'd in common Course of Trade:



The Church then *Steeple upon Steeple* set,  
 The most commodious Way to Heav'n to get;  
 That Priesthood to retain in Church, was Nonsense,  
 Who could not Man an Ecclesiastick Conscience.

From hence the great Defection first began,  
 Which universal spread all o'er this Land.

Sever'ties wholsome, some the Church did try,  
 To bring them to a due Conformity;  
 With *Fines* and *Process* from the *Quarter-Sessions*,  
 Their Chattels thus expos'd to *Confiscations*,  
 And from *Court Christian*, t' *Eccommunications*.

The Goals were well replenish'd all o'er the Land,  
 And thousands fled to the *American Strand*;  
 But such their Spirit, they could not be suppress'd,  
 Th' more we brouz'd them, th' more they still increas'd.  
 The Church thus propt, and made *true Church* by Law,  
 One Statute wanted more, for wholsome Awe:  
 The Act for *burning Hereticks* being in Force,  
 An Act *explanatory* 'd been of mighty Use,  
 To bring the *Scismatick* within its Reach,  
 The shortest Way to cure this flagrant Breach;  
 But *Mason's Bill*, trump'd up for its Repeal,  
 Which, tho' oppos'd by th' *Bishops*, Tooth and Nail;  
 And all their Pow'r, with both th' Houses improv'd,  
 That Prop we thought to help, was there remov'd;  
 The only *Rub* in that most gracious Reign,  
 To th' Church's Ease, or to her pious Design.

*Fanatics*, once indulg'd, were made that Way,  
 For th' Church's *Purveyors*, a more wealthy Prey.  
 Some *Plots* against the Church and King were hatch'd,  
 But all detected, and the *Chiefs* dispatch'd.

That bold Attempt t' exclude the rightful Heir,  
 Change *Right Divine*, for *Castles in the Air*;

Which

Which, *Nemine Contradicente*, pass'd the Commons,  
 And cast, whilst on the Wheel, a sort of Qualm on's.  
 By *Bishops Votes*, and *Interest* with the *Peers*,  
 As soon's brought there, discharg'd were all our Fears.

This Monarch's Reign, the Church *walk'd in the Light* }  
 Regal'd it Day by Day, with great Delight,  
 Whilst he in Pleasures revel'd all the Night.  
 With Nature's Bounties she was almost cloy'd,  
 And all *this* Reign most glorious Things enjoy'd ;  
 Tho' *Plague*, and *Fire*, and *Sword*, were in our Coast,  
 To atone for *that*, she always rul'd the Roast :  
 In due Return, for Favours from the Crown,  
 She taught her Children *Loyalty* profound,  
 The Doctrine of the *Cross*, in *Forty One* }  
 So much profan'd, 'twas almost dead and gone,  
 Is now with Zeal reviv'd, to prop the Throne.

The *Thebian* Legion is exalted high,  
 Nine thousand arm'd would not resist, but dye ;  
 Each Pulpit echo'd *Bucchanan*, thou lyeest,  
 And Doctor *Ball* would lisp'c before the highest :  
 ' Our Houses, Lands and Goods, are *Thathar's* Treasure  
 ' Our Wives and Daughters are for *Thathar's* Pleasure ;  
 ' Tho' *Thathar's* Sov'reign will strike Horror and Fears,  
 ' They're damn'd who use any *Arms* but *Pray'rs* and  
 (Tears.

O blest'd *Halcyon* Days! as for which sake,  
 We long'd our *Tabernacles* here to make.

But, alas! the brightest Day must have its End!  
 Heav'n for our Faith-defender's pleas'd to send,  
 No longer Place on Earth for him is found,  
 He's wrapt to th' *Aethereal Regions*, to be crown'd.

The \* Church's Fav'rite Prince ascends the Throne,  
Whose steady *Zeal* secur'd for him the Crown.

In this our rightful Prince we put great Trust,  
And always, always stil'd him, *James the Just* ;  
That could not, would not, break his sacred Word,  
On which w' rely'd, as Oracles of the Lord ;  
With whom we hop'd to come t' Accommodation,  
To purge off *Schism* from the Church and Nation,  
And all *true Churchmen* to have kept their Station :  
From *Calvin's* Soil to've scower'd her bright as Silver,  
That Heav'n with sublime Favours might have fill'd her,  
And on this Faith, being fill'd with *sacred Glee*,  
We sang, ¶ *O who so happy, so happy as we !*

But alas! alas! the harmless Spouse of Christ,  
Who none but th' innocent *Calvers* Eyes possess'd ;  
No Eyes of *Hawks*, nor yet the *Serpent's* Prudence,  
Too apt t' be led by Nature t' a Deludance ;  
Pierc'd not into that inexor'ble Spirit,  
We too late find the *Roman See* inherit,  
To stoop the least to her Apostate Daughter,  
Or change, at least, that Track in which she left her.  
If her Daughter return to her, she'll find her tame,  
But *Infallibility* is always the same.

This King's Misfortune 'twas, for to inherit  
His luckless Father's fatal self-will'd Spirit ;  
Join'd with th' genuine Spirit of that of *Rome*,  
No Terms to make with *Hereticks*, but their own :  
Which would he've done, we'd gladly gone half Ways,  
And kept him warmly in his Throne all's Days.

'Twas

\* King *James II.*

¶ A Song of which that the keeping common at that Time,



'Twas always this unhappy Church's Fate,  
E'er since from *Rome* she first did separate,  
Within her own Communion to have join'd  
Two potent Bodies, vastly wide in Mind.

The *Tories*, for the Mitre's true Succession,  
With th' *Romish* Church, a friendly Coalition,  
Right indefeasible of the *British* Crown,  
Gainst which, *Resistance* in no Case should down.

The *Whigs* they mak't a human Constitution,  
*Church-Government* to support, without Confusion;  
Which States may change, as Circumstances stand,  
But (*Subter Rosam*) on *Geneva's* Hand,  
May alter the Succession, bind the Crown,  
And, on Default, resist, and e'en dethrone.

Us, with the *Papists*, always chumm'd together;  
They with *Dissenters*; each their Point to weather.

The *Tories* take *Dissenting* much in dudgeon,  
And warmly claim *Compulsion in Religion*.

The *Whigs* they think *Infallibility* Nonsense,  
That every one is *Orthodox* in's own Sense,  
And ought to have his freedom Use of Conscience..  
These are discriminate Tests of *Whig* and *Tory*,  
To own that *Name*, not *Thing*, 's a sleeveless Story;  
The *King* just quash'd *Rebellion* in the *West*,  
And Danger (none apprehending) from the *East*;  
Like rustick Father in the *Days of Yore*,  
Who 'nstead of's God, to the Devil paid's Devoir.  
Being told's Mistake, reply'd, I's know what's do,  
*God's good old Man*, will do no Harm, I know:  
The Proverb's true, *Tis good to please a Shrew*.

By Council mix'd, some trait'rous, and some free,  
All quite infatuate, by Divine Decree,  
To hasten's own forlorn Catastrophy.

Indulg'd *Dissenters*, the most dangerous Party,  
Who tho' he could not bring to's Interest hearty,  
Yet thought, by Gratitude, their Hands to bind,  
Whilst on the Church, who'd been to them unkind,  
He, *unresisted*, might obtain his End.

For us, *poor Church*! he knew our Tenents such,  
That we durst not the Lord's anointed touch;  
Or those by him commission'd dar'd resist,  
On Pain b'ing damn'd b' our Faith in th' *Oxford Test*.

This Doctrine fill'd our Pulpits twenty Years,  
All while *Fanaticks* fill'd's with pannick Fears,  
To mortify them on their *grand Rebellion*,  
Not dreaming, *thus to make't to Rome a Stallion*.

The credulous King, our Laity thought like theirs,  
T' believe whate'er th' Clergy drum in our Ears;  
Thought even *Gideon's* feeble Strength too much  
To quell, with Honour, an *unresisting Church*;  
Which, tho' he often to maintain profess'd,  
Meant not (it seems) the Church of *Bouncing Bess*.  
Broke in at once upon her in all Quarters,  
But found too soon he'd caught a Swarm of *Tartars*;  
Both *Whigs* and *Tories* in Conspiracy fix,  
Whose Blood (till then) would not in a Bason mix;  
Nature 'gainst Principle turn'd notorious Rebel,  
Ten Thousand Loyal Sermons preach'd in Idle,  
And all Commands to Obedience broke in the Bible:  
Our Bishops, Lords and Commons all conspire  
To help's (once more) *from Frying-Pan into Fire*.  
'Twas carried on with Secrecy profound,  
Universal Nature seem'd to be in a Stound;  
The Plot was laid on Earth, in Heav'n 'twas seal'd,  
That James no longer must the Scepter wield.

The fav'rite *Belgian Prince* invited over,  
A Forest loads the Sea, from *Callis* to *Dover* ;  
He came, *he saw, he saw, he Overcome,*  
For the *Lord's Anointed*, here's no longer room.

The Church might then took up this *Lamentation*,  
As being the only Cause of's *Abdication* ;  
The Daughter of \* *Zion's* cruel, like the *Ostrich* grown,  
She lays her Eggs, and leaves them in the Sun :  
While she was gend'ring them, was void of Fears,  
She's † harden'd 'gainst her Brood, as none of her's ;  
Because the Lord hath not made her wise-hearted,  
Nor Understanding to her Sons imparted.

The Church's fav'rite Doctrine of the Cross,  
The King thought sure she'd practice as profess,  
Lur'd him his Plots to brood against the Church,  
And when they were hatch'd, she left him in the Lurch,  
The Whigs, with whom we went on hand in hand,  
'Till's sacred Person's forc'd to fly the Land,  
Were Saints to us, they practis'd as profess'd,  
Had we done so, the Crown he'd still possess'd ;  
All we can say, we sent for's Highness o'er  
To beat his Dad, and call his Mother Whore :  
But, alas ! the subtile Whigs and politick German  
Had Thoughts too deep, to clear our Court of Vermin ;  
And their return to th' Hague with's Troops of Croakers,  
And leave us safe, for their eternal Joakers.  
Conventions forthwith summon'd of the States,  
'Twixt Church and Whigs are long and warm Debates ;  
The Church for fixing Terms t' restore the King,  
But crafty Whigs, alas ! meant no such thing.

M

With

\* Lam. iv. 3.

† Job xxxix. 14, 15, 16, 17.



With one Consent the pow'rful Party cry,  
*Our Government's ungirt, in Shivers lye,*  
*Our Constitution's a Non-Entity.*

We're now, in State of Nature, no such thing  
 As *Peers and Commons, Parliament and King*;  
 What Form of *Government* we please to chuse  
 Is sacred, when we've gave unto't our Vows;  
 If on a King we pitch, as 'twas before,  
 There's none so fit as him we sent for o'er,  
 If his illustrious Highness is content  
 To accept our postulated Government:

(a) With's Princess he accepts (curst *Whiggish* Bite)  
 For ever spoilt *Hereditary Right*;  
 She's sent for o'er, both seated on the *Throne*,  
 A pleasing Rape upon their *Father's Crown*.

A Senate's call'd forthwith, to heal the Nation,  
 Embelish'd by the Clergy in Convocation,  
 To close the *Breach*, 'nd repair Delapidations.  
 But she being bit by th' *Whigs*, bit them again,  
 And made them just Return, in their own Coin.

*Dissenters* Mouths in former Reign to stop,  
 (B' our equal Foes) whilst they our Church unprop,  
 Were courted and indulg'd; but *Us*, distress'd,  
 Drown'd almost in the Cieve, thus *them* address'd:

*Our dear dissenting Brethren, pray take Care,*  
*This Toleration is a Royal Snare:*

*If by Cajole and Charm, your Hands they bind,*  
*Whilst we're unhing'd, you won't be long behind.*  
*We've worried you; confess our Faults this Day,*  
*And now're become the common Enemy's Prey.*

If once't please God to dissipate this Cloud,  
Our Hand in Glove will make's exceeding proud :  
Commission special 's gave the Convocation,  
To give our Liturgy those Alterations,  
Which must, of course, made Room for to include  
The bulkiest Part of the *Dissenting Brood*.

But, Thanks to Heav'n, no sooner was she unceiv'd,  
Than her antient genuine Spirit was retriev'd;  
Nor *Tobit*, *Bell*, nor *Devil Asmodeus*,  
We'd part withal, resolv'd, altho' they'll 'd flea us.  
If once we break the Church's antient Barrier,  
They ev'n then t' *Geneva's* Gates might carry her;  
And stopt each Mouth, which there began to wrangle,  
With *Nolumus multari leges Angliæ*:

Which put th' *Belgian* Prince and's Friend in a Chagrin,  
Who, with utmost Zeal, were in this Project lab'ring.

So having gave th' Whigs a Jack f'r their Robin,  
It some Attonement made for *Scepter-jobbing*.

The Oath by Parliament, to secure the Crown,  
For *Publicans* and *Priests* to swallow down,  
We having plighted *Troth* to th' former King,  
To swear to *this* unperjur'd ! no such thing !  
Which in the Church's Bowels Convulsions rais'd;  
Their Honour with their Interest equal poiz'd.  
Alas ! the *Whigs* ! more happy far than we !  
Their Principles with Nature best agree ;

They always swear to a King i' th' following Sense :  
He keeps Cor'nation Oath, they're his Defence ;  
But when that's broke, the Tyrant doth commence.  
No longer King, no longer King for they ;

To your Tents, to your Tents, O Israel, Horse 'nd away.

Ours fram'd by Grace, tho' a Kingdom to undo,  
Dare not (thro' Faith) resist the least in View.

If Nature against Principle doth rebel,  
 True Charity'll shut her Eyes, we know full well;  
 She always meant her Oath to th' Kings in gross,  
 Or else she'd spoilt her Doctrine of the Cross:  
*Obedience absolute, without Reserve,*  
 From *active*, or from *passive*, ne'er to swerve;  
 If *Cæsar* change to a Lion, or ranging Bear,  
 Her Oath t' *Obedience* doth not center there:  
 If *Cæs'r* hath your Estate, or Wife in View,  
 When the Sov'reign Will's breath'd forth, 'tis *Cæsar's*  
 If he commands to his Gods to Sacrifice, (Due:  
 The *Thabian* Legion is before your Eyes.

The Church, alas! being thus in great Distress,  
 Should she have practic'd what she did profess,  
 There needs must follow a Famine of the Word,  
 Worse than of Bread or Plague, or Fire, or Sword; }  
 Or, which is worse, by all th' World be abhorr'd.

Thus in the Mire and Dungeon being stann'd,  
 ¶ *Ebedmelech* th' *Æthiopian*, lent his Hand:  
 She gladly accepted, glad t' be holpen out,  
 Altho' with rotten Rags, and old cast Clouts;  
 With *Pastoral Letter* butter'd o'er the Oath,  
 And made it fit for 'n Ecclesiastick Mouth.  
 The Lord unto the *Æthiopians* House shew'd Good,  
 Helping the Church that Juncture out o' th' Mud.  
 The Clergy, who 'till then had kept aloof,  
 This Pill to swallow, ne'er bestirr'd a Hoof:  
 Like Sheep, now into Fold they crowded in,  
 Which rais'd among the *Laity* gen'ral Grin.

Two



Two Oaths to rival Princes being in Force,  
They must be guilty 'f Perjury in course.

Alas! tho' *Sardis* like, she'd a Name to live,  
She's dead! her Beauty's gone beyond Retrieve!  
Her Ways han't perfect been before th' most High,  
Those Things which still remain, are like to dye;  
From Head to Foot no Soundness, none but Gores,  
Bruises and Wounds, and putrifying Sores:  
My Bowels! my Bowels! my Heart is full of Pain,  
It makes a Noise; from Speech I can't refrain.

Our visible Church, from nick-nam'd *Reformation*,  
Supported seventy Years, by a *sham* Succession;  
And \* eighty Years since, by Faith legitimiz'd,  
For a fatal Breach now justly's stigmatiz'd.

Our Metropolitan from his See's divorc'd,  
With a few of's Order, firm to th' Lord of Host;  
These *Angels of the Church*, by Law depriv'd,  
† No Law Divine, new Nuptials long surviv'd.

When

\* See behind, p. 59, 60.

† The Rev. Mr. *Collier*, whose Sufferings for his Faith, fully discover his Sincerity, speaks the true Sense of every genuine Churchman; tho' few have discovered their Sincerity and Christian Resolution, by his like Sufferings. See his *Church History*, 2d Book, p. 89, 1st Vol. on *Cenwalch*, King of the *West Saxons*, dividing the Bishoprick of *Winchester*, bringing in *Wina*, his Countryman, for the sake of his Language, and placing him at *Winchester*, without the Consent of *Algibert*, a *French* Bishop. in Possession of that Diocese; on which he retired to *France*: Saith thus——'The Church being an independent Society, which we must grant, unless we charge the Christians of the first three Centuries with Mutiny and Disobedience to the *Roman* Emperors; the *Civil Magistrate* hath no more Right to wrest the Bishop's Flock out of his Hand, or draw the People from their Obedience to their Spiritual Superior, than the Bishop hath to pervert the Subjects from their Allegiance, and grant away Parcel of the Dominions of their Secular Sovereign.'

Which if done, as the one is a Secular Usurper, the other is a Spiritual one. The Consequences of which, one as well as the other, are obvious.

When second Match succeeds unjust Divorce,  
A spurious Issue must succeed of course.

How many Consecrations from that Hand !

How many Priests those Bishops they ordain'd !

Were th' vulgar Throng of half our Reason Masters,  
To pierce thro' these deplorable Disasters ;

And doubted whether by *Layick*, in *Priest's Disguise*,

They were only *Laved at Font*, and not *Baptiz'd*,

Their Souls still out of Covenant with God ;

'Tis enough to make them run stark staring mad.

A few in *Sardis* han't their Names defil'd,

And they, being worthy, walk in *White unsoil'd* :

As a *Cott* in a Vineyard, sits the Daughter of *Zion* ;

Or a *Lodge* 'mong Cucumbers, if you cast your Eye on.

Those who to God and King did firmly stand,

Like a little Flock of Kids in Field remain'd,

While th' uncircumciz'd in Heart fill'd all the Land.

*How is the Gold with Dimness deeply tinged !*

*The finest Gold, alas ! how is it rendged !*

*O Virgin Daughter of Zion ! great's thy Breach ;*

*Great as the Sea. What Hand for Help can reach ?*

*Her, who once like a flaming Beacon at Night,*

*Might fairly all the Church's Candles light,*

*And of that Glory modestly be proud ;*

*How is that Glory shadow'd with a Cloud !*

The Church being broke, and sunk into Contempt,  
Each Member can't expect to be exempt.

As all Affronts to 'n Earthly Ambass'dor done,

Each Royal Master takes it as his own ;

So each Indignity put on a Priest,

Is crucifying, afresh, our Saviour Christ ;

Of which the Church hath always had Regard,

Whene'er the Offender's hang'd, the Priest was spar'd,

De.

Degraded, and of *sacred Habit* stript,  
And in a vile *Lay Miscreant's Habit* 'quipt.

\* We'd lately, in *France*, the Duke de *Meille-reis*,  
(Not having Fear of God before his Eyes)  
Who dar'd to lay *Unhallow'd, Ducal Fist*,  
Unfriendly, about th' Head and Ears of a *Priest*;  
Condemn'd for Six Years close Imprisonment,  
And Three from's native Air, in Banishment;  
And, left to flight his Soul might seem unkind,  
He's twenty thousand current *Livres* fin'd,  
To check his *Layship's* being again vicious,  
And beautify the Church of Saint *Sulpicious*.

But in our Realm *reform'd*, a Priest by Order,  
Smit with a Butcher's Wife, and just on board her,  
Caught by the Cuckold only purging's Reins,  
The bloody Beast, with's Cleaver, flat out's Brains.

Yet neither could Attempts of any Sort,  
The Reverend great Appearance at the Court,  
The Carnaidge such, apparent Slight of Justice  
Might soon appear, where sublimated Lust is;  
Nor due Regard unto the *sacred Order*,  
Induce the Judge t' direct to find it *Murder*.  
Which mov'd the Patience of each Reverend Brother,  
That meekly thus they mutter'd to each other:

" Alas! alas! if Things are carry'd thus,  
" There can be no safe Living long for us."

But should a Clergyman, how stanch soever,  
For Welfare of his Country, only endeavour  
To spoil the Credit of our *Paper Coin*,  
Whilst *that* of *Silver* and *Gold* the Court purloin;

Or

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\* In our publick News, *July*, 1723.



Or help, with Pray'rs and Arms, his rightful Sov'reign,  
 The Realms of's Ancestors t' regain and govern;  
 Without Regard of *Gown*, or *Order* either,  
 The *Criminal* and *Priest* are hang'd together.

O Horrid Sight! to see a Halter pendent,  
 With a *Gown* and *Cassock* hanging at the End on't.  
 To that Contempt we're sunk, since Reformation,  
 But mostly since the blessed Revolution;  
 That now the great'st Disgrace cast on a Priest,  
 Is by the Brutish Laity turn'd t' a Jest.

They who were once the Church's Property,  
 Now Wisdom from their Hands, the Brutes defy.  
 Of *Sacred Writ*, they've got the wanton Swing,  
 They scorn the Streams, forsooth, they'll swill at Spring.  
 Each thinks himself as wise as one of us,  
 (Our *Great Grandfire*, their Wisdom bought with a Curse.)  
 Their Thirst for Knowledge first made's all unwise,  
 Th' Impress Divine stamp't on our Souls Disguise.

O were there but one Bible in each Parish!  
 The antient Christian Spirit would quickly flourish;  
 The Laity'd gape to hear that sacred Word,  
 None worthy e'er thought to read but Priests o'th' Lord.  
 That Knowledge which puffs up, would quickly vanish,  
 And the ignorant Soul in true Devotion flourish.  
 Fresh Dignity would b' on our Order stamp't,  
 By the Laity's Knowledge sunk into Contempt.

These sacred Pages being in Time worn out,  
 By frequent turning over to th' Devout;  
 \* The Reverend Dean of *Worcester's* sage Advice,  
 Is worthy general Practice in this Case.

There

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\* You have this Story in *St. James's Evening-Post*, September, 1722.

There happening in that Diocess a Squabble,  
 'Twixt *Priest* and *Wardens*, whose was *this Old Bible* :  
 They jointly appeal to the aforefaid *Reverend Dean*,  
 Who thus adjudg'd with grave and serious meen.

By frequent Use of *Sacred Hand* upon't.  
 'Twas now as holy as the Altar or Font ;  
 And thus being consecrated in the Church,  
 Too Sacred now for common Hands to touch ;  
 With great Solemnity 't ought to be burn'd,  
 Its Ashes under the Altar kept in an Urn.

Full 13 Years the Church was weathering Danger,  
 All th' Reign of that uncircumcised Stranger ;  
 When *Sorrel's Jobb*, for Behoof of *Commonwealth*,  
 Set all *High Church* a-gog a toasting's Health.  
 Unhappy Church, who ne'er was out of Danger,  
 But when she'd got a Head and Faith-defender,  
 Who left us surprisingly at Rack and Manger.

\* A Faith-Defendress next ascends the Throne,  
 Of long *Heredit'ry Right*, the next but one ;  
 Right *Royal Blood*, right *Ecclesiastick Spirit*,  
 And h'r *Royal Family's Virtues* did inherit.

But, alas! to a Foreign Prince, being under Cover,  
 Of our *establisht Church* no Fondling Lover :  
 Her Nuptial Vows indelible imprest  
 On her *tender, passive, Ecclesiastick Breast* ;  
 And with her Consort's Blood so deeply allay'd,  
 Her Sov'reign Subjects Will always obey'd ;  
 She wore the *Crown*, but He the *Scepter* sway'd.  
 Which, rather than usurp'd, was on her thrown,  
 A Queen *de facto* would not cordial down.

O

As

As when the Sun, in total, dim Eclipse,  
From behind the interposing Moon he slips,  
Instantaneously his wonted Beams display,  
And drives disast'rous gloomy Shades away ;  
Sets all the Airy 'Habitants on the Chirp,  
Which just before, with Horror gap'd and quirk'd:  
Or Ducks, on long-desired Change of Weather,  
By Instinct glad, on Water cack together.  
The Church's whole Creation long being bound,  
She feels she something wants, herself bemoan'd;  
For *wonted Liberty* the Creature groan'd.

But as soon's the Queen began her Scepter's Sway,  
The senseful Creature chang'd to blith and gay,  
By sudden Impulse fill'd with sudden Joy.

*May-Poles*, peculiar Pageants of this Nation,  
Disast'rous Twilight-Days, grown out of Fashion,  
In ev'ry Place, with harmless Zeal, they erect,  
With Garlands hung, and gaudy Flowers bedeckt;  
In antient Dance, *Morisco* frisking round,  
To *Tabor-pipe*, and to the *Viol's* Sound:  
Spruce Girls, in rural Dance, and wanton Mien,  
Twinkling like Flambeaux, upon ev'ry Green.

But, during Covert of this Royal Dame,  
The Church's Expectations prov'd but lame;  
*False Brethren of the Church*, bore all the Part  
In *Army*, *Parliament*, and *at the Court*.

That dang'rous Practice o'th' *Samaritan Crew*,  
*Occasional Conforming* on their Due,  
T' obtain a Place of *Profit*, or of *Trust*,  
To *Zealots of our Church* gave great Disgust.

An *Act* they frame, this Evil to prevent,  
Knowing well a *Conventicle's* contagious Scent;

(She



(She being of Texture pice, and wondrous tender)  
 Convulsions dang'rous in her Bowels might gender:  
 Beside, if Thousands by this Law expell'd,  
 Were not always in her Communion held;  
 One fairest Work of Christ, *true Church she'd louz'd,*  
 Of *Publicans* and *Sinners* being compos'd.

This Bill, with flaming Zeal, the *Commons* pass'd;  
 But th' *Lords Concurrence* begg'd, they hung in Arse:  
 The *Low-Church Faction* there so far prevail'd,  
 And *Luke-warm* Bishops, that the Bill was spoil'd.

A Doctor of the Church, inflam'd with Zeal,  
 For our distressed, gasping Church's Weal,  
 Took Heart in topmost Or'tory of the Realm,  
 T' expose the Danger, even from the Helm;  
 To point the Cloud that o'er her Head was gathering,  
 Her perilous State, 'specially 'mong *false Brethren*.  
 The guilty Party, wounded Hip and Thigh,  
 Touch'd to the *Quick*, with Clamours fill the Sky:  
*High Crimes and Misdemeanors* 's laid to's Charge,  
 From which the Champion's forc'd himself to purge,  
 Or the *Arbitrary Sentence* undergo,  
 Of th' most *august Assembly* here below.

The Church thus wounded thro' the Doctor's Side,  
 Her Nursing Mother must her Bowels hide.  
 Her luckless Covert made *false Brethren* bolder,  
 For, tho' she knew it rain'd, whene'er they told her,  
 Her Consort, Court, and Senate, *One in Three*,  
 No Marvel then the Church came off *by th' Lee*.  
 And tho' her whole Creation deeply groan'd,  
 By Nature sympathizing in this Wound;  
*Samaritans* to Unsynagogue began,  
 They're soon dispers'd by Military Hand.

On this, her *Icon*, in grand Robes of State,  
 Thrice Forty Coronets in Judgment fate :  
 Before the *dire Tribunal* he appears ;  
 The Church, by Sympathy, share Stakes with's Fears.  
 The Charge against him t' utmost Force is bent,  
*Whig Zeal* and *Art*, with *Eloquence*, could invent.  
 Yet, tho' with Mien so gracious he replies,  
 As drew whole Show'rs of Tears from Female Eyes,  
 The great august, and the most noble Throng,  
 Damn him three Years, *to hold his scolding Tongue* :  
 Too dire a Sentence but for manly Breath,  
 On Female Gender ten times worse than Death!

The Church's Mouth for Pulpit thus struck mute,  
 A Rural Progress must her Strength recruit :  
 From th' Prophet's Widow's College in the *South*,  
 To *Wiltshire*, utmost Confines on the *North*,  
 The happy Womb that bore him, Paps he suckt,  
 A tedious Pilgrimage the old Matron took, }  
 Once more the Blessing of her Womb to chuck.  
 For's fervent Zeal, took on her to reprove him,  
 To's Father's and Grandfire's *Luke-warm Zeal* to move  
 His popularity'd potent Enemies made him (him:  
 Perfum'd, from farther Progress to disswade him.

Quoth he, with pious Zeal and Wrath inflam'd,  
*An't you of Luke-warm Laod'ceans asham'd?*  
*Behind me, Satan, get ; behind me stand ;*  
*Thou savourest not the Things of God, but Man.*

So (*that*) on's firm Resolve made no Impression,  
 But on he goes in this Preambulation.  
 With great Solemnity they crowd the Ways,  
 And Peals of Joy, each Village, fill the Skies.

Where-

Where'er he came, an Angel he's receiv'd,  
 The drooping Spirit of the Church reviv'd ;  
 With Food divine he feeds their sacred Lust,  
 With choicest Dainties they regale his Gust :  
 The Snuff from's Box sends forth *Ambrosian* Savour,  
 But a Kiss of's Picture on't, the highest Favour.  
 Which set the Doctor's Fancy on the Wing,  
*Who* lov'd the Picture so, sure lov'd the Thing :  
*That* Love, thinks he, can't err, nor go astray,  
 Where *Religion*, with *Devotion*, paves the Way.

But *N——*'s Chamber-maid, at *Basingstoke*,  
 Had not that Test ; thro's fervent Motions broke :  
 His melting Arg'ments no Impression made  
 On th' *whiggish, obstinate, resisting* Jade ;  
 Which sat so hard on the meek Apostle's mind,  
 The Dust he shook from's Feet, and left behind,  
 Aggriev'd such beauteous Charms shou'd prove so  
 unkind :

False Brethren of the Church were *Alamode*,  
 At Home her Dangers daily swell'd and grow'd,  
 And her Expectations vanish'd from abroad.  
 That Church with which we long for Union groan'd  
 Of the Universal Church a Member sound,  
 And Nation, which we'd watch'd for, long to've sav'd us.  
 Our Eyes now fail'd, and Hopes that long reviv'd us ;  
 The uncircumcis'd Confed'rates put [*that*] Stand  
 Under our manag'd Queens great Chief's Command  
 At *Blenheim*, *Hochstedt*, *Rameillis*, *Oudernard*,  
*Sart* and *Insart*, where his Victorious Sword  
 By horrid Fate, too much victorious Battle,  
 The *Gauls* cut Capers, and their Bones made rattle.  
 The mighty King, the Church's only Hope,  
 Quite Planet-struck, his Army's forc'd to elope,

And



And quit Towns, Princedoms, Regions, most th' Remains,  
Of the glorious Prey of Fifty Grand Campaigns :  
Each Battle won, our Royal Mistress Stound,  
Her Brother's Right, with thought of Heir profound, }  
And Church, in th' House of a Friend, receiv'd a Wound. }

But as soon's her Consort took a Leap to th' Dark,  
In a different Scene of Politicks she embark'd ;  
The *Stuart's* Blood ran topmost in her Veins,  
Just like her Ancestors she thenceforth reign'd :  
To bloody Wars she gave a humble Curch,  
Uncircumcis'd Confederates left i' th' Lurch.  
Gave back the Christian Patron all the Spoils  
Of twenty Years Treasure, Blood, and martial Foils :  
Th' *Occasional Conformist* left in Lurch,  
By 'n A<sup>c</sup>t for *more Security of the Church* ;  
Brought her to *Pisgah*, 'n View o'th' *Holy Land*,  
And th' *glorious Restoration* e'en to Hand :  
Just then, alas! (too soon) trampooz'd to th' Skies,  
And left poor Church and Brother to wipe their Eyes.

† A Faith-defender next ascends the Throne,  
(And He as rightful Heir they own)  
Establisht only on a *W——* Foundation,  
Nought but the Representers of three Nations :  
Which powerful Body always took Delight  
To cramp and damn *Hereditary Right*.  
They 'tempted first our fav'rite Heir's Exclusion,  
But triumph'd in Victory, on the *Revolution* ;  
Which by *subsequent A<sup>c</sup>t* they clinted down,  
Pinn'd fast upon's, for Ages yet to come.

Was

Was e'er Hereditary Realm with an Act so bless'd,  
As the gasping Monarch left us at the last,  
Which fill'd the Creature King with Consolation,  
As Sacramental Pass-port to Salvation ;  
Who's constant War we'd pardon'd against the Church,  
*Were not Inherent Right so left in Lurch.*

*Would* but the *Laitie* meekly to us hark,  
*We* Royal Blood would trace, ev'n in the Dark,  
Thro' all the mouldy holes to *Noah's Ark*.  
But now the *Biblist* Faction, luckless Fate!  
Brand on that Name which did it first translate ;  
*Where-e'er* we Inherent Right should glibly Center,  
The aukward *Whig*, to spoil it, thus adventure ;  
' Our great great Grandfire *Noah*, who 'f all the Nation,  
' *Was* the only Righteous Man in's righteous Generation,  
' And found that Favour with th' Almighty Lord,  
' *With's* Family to be sav'd the Ark on Board ;  
' *Whilst* all the rest, with evil Projects fraught,  
' 'Twixt Cataracts and swelling Deeps were caught ;  
' He Righteous Virtue to *Birth-right* prefer'd,  
' (a) His youngest Son he bless'd ; the eldest serv'd :  
' \* From *Shem* the youngest's Loyns sprang *Abram's Birth*,  
' The Father of the noblest Line on Earth ;  
' His Grandson *Jacob*, tho' the youngest Brother,  
' Yet he receiv'd this Blessing from his Father ;  
' || Let all the Nations Bow before thy Throne,  
' And be thou Lord above thy Mother's Son.  
' And tho' by a clean *Whig* Knack the Blessing's gain'd,  
' (Which went most grievous against poor *Esau's Grain*,  
' Who sought with Tears the Blessing to obtain ;)

(a) Gen. 9. 26.

\* Gen. 10. 21.

|| Gen. 27. 29, &c.

' Quoth the Holy Pa, with Spirit sublime possessd,  
 ' (b) Jacob I've blest'd, and he shall be blest'd;  
 ' The Earth shall Corn and Fatness thee afford,  
 ' Serve thou thy younger Brother, he's thy Lord.  
 ' When dying Jacob call'd's twelve Sons to's Bed,  
 ' To scatter's various Blessing on each Head,  
 ' Tho' Ruben was his First-born, God's first Dow'r,  
 ' The Ex'lence of Dignity and Pow'r;  
 ' Yet daring Billah's Bed, his Father's Right  
 ' And Sim and Levy's slaying the Sechemite,  
 ' On Judah's Head bestow'd the Blessing Royal,  
 ' To whom his Brethren must be Subjects Loyal.  
 ' When Jacob's Sons from Egypt's Bondage went,  
 ' They w're under God's immediate Government;  
 ' Who passing the elder Tribes in Israel by  
 ' The youngest of Brethren in Iniquity,  
 ' Whose Line was stain'd with cursed Cruelty:  
 ' He pitch'd on for his Vice-Roy here 'n Earth,  
 ' To Rule aright, not daining Blood or Birth;  
 ' That cruel Line were Priests of God most high,  
 ' And those who for Succession lofty fly,  
 ' Take't altogether, their Glory won't deny.  
 ' Law-giver Moses, God's Vicegerent dead,  
 ' When thro' the Desert he'd the People led;  
 ' † Joshua, the youngest Tribe by Ordination,  
 ' Is made the Head of all that mighty Nation:  
 ' Three hundred Thirty Years Theocracy  
 ' The younger Tribes the Judgment-Seat supply;  
 ' Till weary of the Gov'nment of the Lord,  
 ' The Prophet Samuel for a King they implor'd;  
 ' Like hungry Children crying for Bread and Butter,  
 ' The aged Prophet they so grieve and clutter: He



' He pray'd to God, who order'd them a King)  
 ' Not one of *Rubens*, nor of *Judah's* Line,  
 ' But the meanest Family in *Benjamine*.  
 ' But Kings as well as Subjects may Rebel,  
 ' *Saul* broke the Law, and the *Succession* fell.  
 ' For noble *Judah's* Tribe, the Time's now come,  
 ' To wear the promis'd Royal *Diadem* ;  
 ' 'Till *Shilo* came, whose Scepter's glorious Sway,  
 ' All Pow'rs in the Un'verse must obey :  
 ' A King's anointed, not of princely Line,  
 ' But 'f Farmer *Jesse's* Sons, the young'st of ten.  
 ' He reign'd, he reign'd, the Man of God's own Heart ;  
 ' But maugre 'biather's well-meant Priestly Art,  
 ' Set *Adonijah* by his just Succession,  
 ' And gave the Crown in *Lemuel's* sole Possession.  
 ' To *Rehoboam* next the Scepter fell,  
 ' The first successive King in *Israel* ;  
 ' With antient Statesmen he consulted first,  
 ' To answer those for *Ease of Tax* address'd.  
 ' Quoth th' grave old Whigs, now, now's thy time, or never,  
 ' Speak kindly to these Men, they're thine for ever.  
 ' With th' junior Fry the Puny next consulted,  
 ' Grown proud, to Privy Counsellors exalted ?  
 ' Quoth they, Art not thou King o'er *Israel* ?  
 ' Go, mighty King, presumptuous Vassals tell,  
 ' My Finger shall prepond my Father's Hips ;  
 ' With Scorpions I'll chastise, as he with Whips.  
 ' Thus council'd high-flown Tories, thus spake the King ;  
 ' The People stoo i not hank'ring on the thing,  
 ' What Portion in the Son of *Jesse* have we ?  
 ' To your Tents, O *Israel* : To th' own House, *David* : See  
 ' The whole Ten Tribes revolt with one Accord :  
 ' Which thing, as it was from, so't pleas'd the Lord.

And if Divine Examples ought to bind,  
 For *Right Hereditary*, none we find.

Thus cant these awkward *Whigs*, and what shall's say }  
 If Scripture Rules alone must bear the Sway,  
 With 'xamples there contain'd, we've lost the Day. }

Thus is the sublime Church expos'd t' a *Non-plus*,  
 By *Laymen's* Use of *Holy Writ* amongst us:  
 Nor hath our spiritual Regimen there Foundation,  
 But with *Hereditary King-ship* her Relation, }  
 To *Whiggish* Caprice must be a vile Oblation. }

But sixty Years Possession 'ntitling Land,  
 Shall not twelve hundred Years Prescription stand?  
 So many, full, hath pass'd their Revolution,  
 Whilst Prelacy, in Peace, kept free Possession;  
 Which she improv'd, and by Degrees obtain'd  
 A Legislature from Imperial Hand.

Which Power employ'd so long a Tract of Time,  
 Must valid make't, as if't had been divine.

'Till since, two Centuries, chiefly o'er the Main, }  
 The Reformation did her Pow'r restrain,  
 And the *Bible only* must be her Rule again. }

Some Shade she hath of Old Authority,  
 But 'n all her Acts the State hath Finger in Pye:  
 She makes her Priests, we own, the King makes Bishops;  
 From him the Mitre, and from her the † Fish-hooks.  
 The Outside on't is much as 'twas before,  
 With formal *Conge d'Etire*, as said before;  
 Prays God t' direct their Choice of Bish'ps, but mock 'em:  
 God makes the Calves, the Gelder makes the Oxen.

O 'tis, and should be for deep Lamentation!  
 In th' holy Place is rais'd the Abomination!

---

† *Peter's* Successors Fishers of Men, *Luke* 5. 10.

The Church of her most *sacred Depositum* robb'd,  
And her Bishops made from 4th Hand, by the Mobb!

Had but our Kings their Power alone from God,  
[His] Vice-Roy's Creatures would not be so odd;

Or were she independent on the State,  
She'd drop her flaming Zeal for inherent Right:

But Creatures of a dependent Creature Crown,  
With God, like *High Church Spirits*, will not go down.

By Force of Arms, with Zeal being lately fir'd,  
With Pray'rs and Tears (our antient Arms) quite tir'd;  
To change a King *de fact'* for one *de jure*,  
A bloody Victim fell to *Whiggish Fury*.

At *Rat-Cadge*, *Preston*, and at fell *Dumblain*,  
Were thousands Prisoners took, and thousands slain.

The lofty *Low Church* Monarch not content  
To conquer the sublime *Church Militant*,  
But on her he must cast the great'st Contempt:  
Scarce one t' a hundred on 'em thought worth hanging,  
(So *Russian Wives* despis'd, escapes the Banging)

The Church, tho' in the Flesh receiv'd this Wound,  
Her *Spiritual Part* remain'd robust and sound;  
Her Soul being knit t' her nat'ral rightful King,  
His Restoration being the long'd-for Thing:  
She lay perdue for a Season opportune,  
The glorious Thing t' effect the most impune.

A Prelate of the Church steers this Design,  
(The *Serpent with the Dove*, compleat th' *Divine*)  
A Bishop fit this Grand Design to weather,  
In whom *St. Paul* and *Machiavel* chumm'd together:  
A Soul exactly quadrat to the Fashion,  
Of all Church genuine Sons throughout the Nation;  
Save, seldom curs'd and swore, but when in Passion.

One only Thing was bodeing ill Success,  
Being Bishop of that luckless Diocess,



Of which *Old Fisher*, in King *Henry's* Days,  
 \* Was *Præto Martyr*, for a much like Cause.

On him was all the faithful Eyes o' th' Land,  
 Most numerous among the *sacred Band*;  
 Fit Mediums for this Project's Propagation,  
 Being so convenient posted o'er the Nation.

Could *George* be render'd lewd, as † *Sardanapalus*,  
 Amongst our Ladies, that would not avail us;  
 But since to raise Contempr's the *only Thing*  
 To draw the Peoples Hearts from off their King,  
 The *Turnip-Story* we trump'd up and drest;  
 A charming Subject for a *High Church Breast*.  
 Each Country Tea-table had its Superintendant,  
 A cunning Wit or Vestal Virgin at th' end on't,  
 Half Hippo-crazed, their Chat would make one mend  
 on't.

Each Way such Quillets flew, like piver-wind Air,  
 Their Tea-table Chat was uniform's their Pray'r;  
 Which set our Apron Votaries all on the Giggle,  
 Without Scaramouch, or *Taber-pipe* and *Fiddle*;  
 This serv'd our End, all passing for *Boon-sooth*,  
 And Lyes we know are as good for Fools as Truth,

The *South-Sea Cheat* fell in most opportune,  
 Which we took care to trumpet to that Tune;  
 Two Courtiers deeply engaged in the Thing,  
 'Twas natural for us to throw it all on the King;  
 By which we gave a Taint to th' vulgar Throng,  
 Their Loyalty grew weak, their Prejudice strong.

And

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\* Bishop *Fisher* was beheaded in *Hen. VIIIth's* Reign, for denying his Supremacy.

† The last King of the *Assyrians* infamous for his Effeminacy, Lewdness, and Luxury.

And since, for all those Oaths to *George* we took,  
 No Attonement could be made, unless they're broke ;  
 We nick'd that Juncture for the high Design,  
 The sole Establishment to undermine ;  
 And by Profundity of High-Church Thought  
 The Nation's all dispos'd for a Revolt.

Our Dreams were lac'd with glorious Revelations,  
 Huge Oaks, White Roses, boading Restoration.

The politick Monarch rarely unappriz'd,  
 Of what in our Bed Chambers we devis'd,  
 Lay close, till this deep Plot came just to a Head,  
 And then with Turn of Hand knock'd all in head:  
 Our grand Design (unknown to's how) was sapp'd,  
 Our Chiefs, while dreaming, in the *Bastile* clapp'd:  
 The Daring Monarch, scorning Martial Pow'r,  
 'mong's *Western Subjects* naked took his Tour ;  
 Unguarded there, took the most politick Way  
 With *debonair*, th' Peoples Hearts t' betray.  
 He feasted \* *Sorbudinum*, cloathed all their Poor,  
 Common to all was made the Royal Store,  
 (No Monarch e'er so bounteous there before ;)  
 Paid all the Pris'ners Debts, set all o'm free,  
 And fill'd the Country all around with Glee.

When him they saw, they thought a *German Boor*,  
 With o'er-grown Fangs, our holy Church to gore ;  
 Surprizing Charms fill each deluded Breast,  
 Who vow'd they'd never more believe their Priest ;  
 More *Whigs* was made in that politick Jaunt,  
 Than all our Clergy in seven Years makes Saints :  
 The great Soul'd King, thought not his Crown so good  
 To b' worth the slabbering much Tory Blood ;

Hang'd

---

\* Antient Name for *Salisbury*.

Hang'd one poor Patriot, all the rest to Awe,  
 On Temple-Gate, save only Gutts and Maw,  
 To Scarecrow all Professors of the Law ;  
 For *Adonijah's* Cause, *Abiather*  
 No longer must the sacred Ephod wear,  
 Banish'd to *Anathoth* to spend's Days there ;  
 The Rev'rend Prelate's thought not worth a Halter,  
 In's Predecessor's Cause to die a Martyr ;  
 Us far into the gloomy Desert cast,  
 In all our Hopes and Expectations cross'd :  
 To Low-Church Brethren frankly thus we address,  
 Who the poor Remains of ancient Power possess ;  
 Dear Joys, dear Joys, you see our woeful Case !  
 Can you sit easy in your dangerous Place ?  
 Behold our spiritual Mother without a Ghost,  
 The Carcass of a Church alone to boast ;  
 Of the brightest and devoutest, almost Childless,  
 And none remain but the Lukewarm and the wildest ;  
 With a huge promiscuous Crew o' Socinians, Arians,  
 Free-thinkers, Deists, Atheists, Libertinarians ;  
 Were once our Church's Discipline restor'd,  
 We'd scourge these off the Temple of the Lord,  
 Dear Brethren, let's to a friendly Coalition,  
 Tho' only to retrieve our broke Succession.  
 With Hands on thoughtful Hearts, han't you some Qualms  
 On th' dark Event of Abdicating James ?  
 Our Bishops most o' 'em Laymen in Lawn Sleeves,  
 As holy as Butchers dress'd for killing Beeves,  
 And most of all our Priests but Cassock'd (a) Thieves ;  
 We know your 'version to the Roman Chair,  
 With too much Breach of Charity we fear :

Thus

---

(a) He that entereth not into the Sheep-fold by the Door, but climbeth up some other Way, is a Thief and a Robber, *John* 10. 1.



Thus think, thus say you, Can't Christ's Church subsist,  
Without Dependence upon Antichrist?

That flagrant Son of Perdition, who thirsts and pants,  
And drunk hath made himself with Blood of Saints.

Beside, can they our broke Succession mend,  
Whose frequent Schisms bath brought their own to an end;  
Of which one only lasted forty Years,  
Whilst Infallibility fill'd two Rival Chairs:

The English fought for Urban, France for Clement,  
A Sea of Blood could not that Schism cement;  
France from Avignon had her Palls, we from Rome,  
And each to keep Succession safe at home:

(b) They, and Twenty-five such more, b' their own Confession  
And each a fatal Wound to grand Succession:

Sometimes two bloody Rivals, sometimes three,

The longest Swordsman must Christ's Vicar be;

By Sacred Word, no Bishop must be a Striker,

And can he who's so, be a Bishop-maker?

'f Conquest Title gives to Peter's Chair,

Presby'try once obtain'd good Title here.

Thus you our Low-Church Brethren is engage

Who can't but own we shrink at such a Charge;

But to the Greek Church should we have recourse,

We doubt we there should change but Cole for a worse;

Long time she under her own Patriarchs flourish'd,

Then from the Breast of Rome her See was nourish'd.

The Greeks for Novelties being something queasy,

Her Foster Mother's Milk sat not so easy;

They quar'l about the Time of keeping Easter,

And the Empire moving there, abruptly left her,

No longer she's a Mother own'd, nor Sister.

Each

Each Year, to rub up fresh this fester'd Sore,  
 They 'nathamatize her for the Scarlet Whore ;  
 And can that Church with Bishops bless another,  
 Who for these thousand Years hath curs'd her Mother ?

Now since nor *Asian* nor *European* Churches,  
 Succession can afford us without Croaches,  
 Let's pilgrim't to the Regions of the South,  
 Ev'n to the utmost Boundaries of the Earth,  
 Whence came the Queen, to see King *Solomon's* Glory,  
 Ours is transcendant, more momentous Story ;  
 No less than shaping to a *true Church*, no *Church*,  
 And reconciling together *High Church* *Low Church* ;  
 These peaceful Regions, possess'd by *Prestor John*,  
 In Worship, Faith, and in Communion One.  
 By *Phill* and *Matt* th' vast *Ethiopian* Region  
 Was sacred made, by Faith of *Christ's* Religion.  
 From whom by clear Succession unalloy'd,  
 The sublime pastoral Grace hath been convey'd.

\* This Grace from th' Holy *Abunna's* Hand let's bring,  
 And let's obtain to agrandize the Thing,

† The Hand of him who is both Priest and King.

Thus being endowed with Kingly and Priestly pow'r,  
 Let not us *High Church*, *Low Church* longer jour.

Can't

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\* For the Ecclesiastick Government of the *Ethiopians* are subject to a Patriarch of their own, whom they call *Abunna* ; these are chosen for that high Station by their Sanctity, when *Alvares* was there, who published an Account of their Faith and Worship ; the *Abunna*, whose Name was *Mark*, was a Reverend Man, 110 Years old, gracious in his Speech, never speaking without blessing God, and giving Thanks ; his Habit White, with a white Cloak button'd before.

† The Emperor *Prestor John*, whose Titles run thus, ' *David*, supream in his Kingdoms, beloved of God, sprung from the Stock of *Judah*, the Son of ' *David*, the Son of *Solomon*, the Son of the Pillar of *Zion*, the Son of *Mary*, &c. He is both Priest and King supream in all Causes Ecclesiastical. [See *Pagitt's Christianography*, &c.]

Can't Kings as well make Kings, as Priests make Priests?  
Of all unchristian Jocuists let's draw the Lists.  
And if our King's Content that we make he,  
We're Christian-like Content that he make we.

Let's take the Mode of their Symbollick Churches,  
Built round for Doves of *Christ*, his previous purchase;  
Whose insides all around with Gold doth shine,  
Like *Christ* his Spouse they're glorious all within.

Blest with Success if on *Zeburn* by *Nile*,  
Whole Shoals assault's of monstrous *Crocodile*.  
Thus fraughted, with a Church within's *de novo*,  
They'd have the same Success with th' Sons of *Scovo*.  
Had we so happy been 's the *Spanish Nation*,  
Who just on our preposterous Reformation.  
Had *Zabo Zago* among them resident,  
From *David* the Ambassine Emperor sent.  
Who left Confession of their Christian Faith,  
The nearest our own of any Church on Earth.  
That Reverend *Prelate*, had we been appriz'd,  
Our broke and sunk Succession might b' retriev'd.  
Prevented all our Churches Hurley-burley,  
And all the rest outstript, (her Sails unfurl'd,)  
Of *Europe*, *Asia*, or the *American World*. }

These Duskey Bishop's makes the Bright'st of Priests,  
Such Priests by Baptism Members make of *Christ*.  
Such Christians all \* Inheritors are of *Heaven*,  
Where to Eternal Bliss and Glory we leave'em.

\* Vid. Church Catechism.

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F I N I S.



# ERRATA.

**P**age 6. line 16. for *Grim*, read *Grin*. Page 9. line 21. for *murb*, read *masb*. p. 19. l. 8. for *Bishop*, r. *Bishops*. p. 27. l. 2. for *still*, r. *been still*. p. 29. l. 4. for *Veracity*, read *as to Veracity*. p. 28. l. 33. for *is*, read *this*. p. 35. l. 25. for *Register*, read *Registers*. p. 44. l. 19. for *valey*, read *varaly*.

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